

The TATLER

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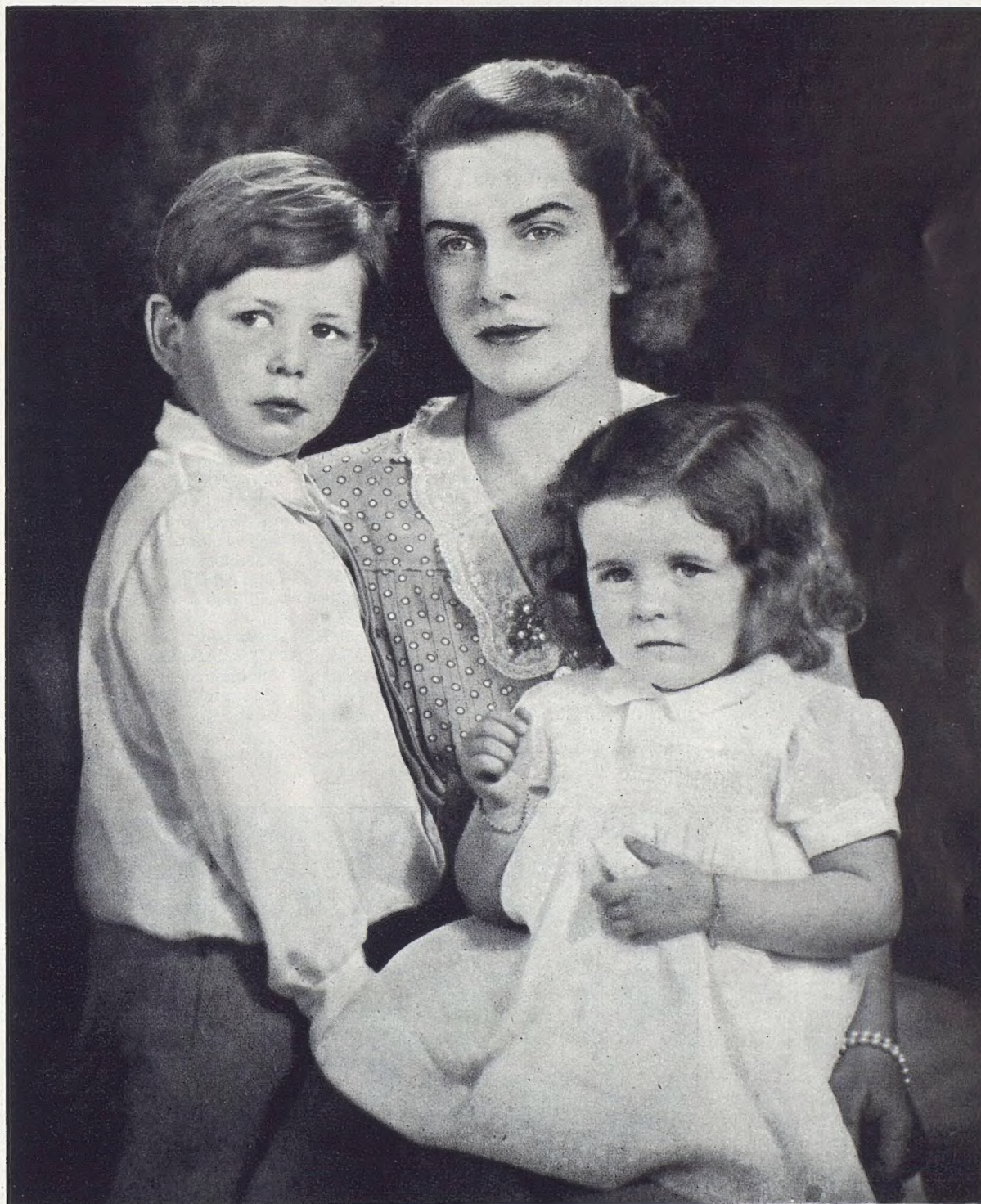
THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON
AUGUST 18, 1943

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Marcus Adams

The Countess of Ronaldshay and Her Children

The wife of Major the Earl of Ronaldshay was Miss Penelope Pike before her marriage in 1936. Her father, Colonel Ebenezer Pike, C.B.E., M.C., of Ditcham Park, Petersfield, Hants, is a Zone Commander in the Home Guard, and her mother, Mrs. Pike, is the well-known artist, Olive Snell, whose portraits frequently appear in *THE TATLER*. Lord Ronaldshay, who is the Marquess of Zetland's only surviving son, is serving in the Yorkshire Hussars, and has been abroad for over three years. His younger brother, Lord Bruce Dundas, a flight-sergeant in the R.A.F.V.R., was killed on active service in 1942. Lord and Lady Ronaldshay have a son, Lord Dundas, born in 1937, and a daughter, Lady Serena Jane Dundas, who is three years younger



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Absence

MARSHAL STALIN's absence from the talks between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt is not due to any short-coming on their part. Each time they have met they have sent a formal and pressing invitation to Marshal Stalin. Each time he has politely

If Marshal Stalin would sit down with Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt they would no doubt tell him this in no uncertain way. Marshal Stalin will not, however, join in any conference outside Russia. Clearly this is dictated by reasons other than those he gives. There are statesmen who are always afraid that they might lose influence and caste, as well as power, by leaving their own capital. Marshal Stalin must be one of these statesmen, which is nothing to his discredit. Most Russians are naturally suspicious, and we cannot forget that Marshal Stalin is Russia, and that heavy responsibilities rest on him. I have no doubt that he will receive a full report of everything which is decided at Mr. Churchill's meeting with President Roosevelt. While it is doubtful whether Mr. Churchill will find time to pay another visit to Moscow, it would not surprise me if he decides to send one of his colleagues there.

Family

IT is the first time that Mr. Churchill has taken Mrs. Churchill with him on his foreign travels, and this may indicate that while he is on the other side of the Atlantic the Prime Minister hopes to have a short holiday. Miss Mary Churchill is the youngest of the family and the most popular with all, and particularly with Mr. Churchill. But what has intrigued the public most of all is the presence of W/Cdr. G. P. Gibson in the Prime Minister's party. He is the man who led the attack on the Mohne and Eder dams. Mr. Churchill was greatly impressed by this exploit, and obviously had good reasons for taking Wing Commander Gibson with him and announcing his presence in the official communique.

Impact

THE full impact of Mussolini's fall from power has not yet been felt. Though it has not brought Italy out of the war as quickly as was expected, Mussolini's departure has profoundly affected Hitler. Politically, Hitler stands exposed as the remaining and rather unsafe pillar of what was once the Axis edifice. For the purpose of this argument we can afford to forget Japan, for not even Hitler can make Japan help him (if, indeed, there is any way in which she can help) where her own interests are not involved. As a dictator Hitler has no need to look to his personal position. The people of Italy have shown that they do not think dictatorships are a paying proposition as far as they are concerned. The people of Germany will be thinking the same if Hitler is not careful. His gloom propaganda may now produce the boom-erang which I have frequently forecast. If Hitler can no longer pretend that there is any strength in the Axis, and the people of Germany have swallowed all the implications of the backs-to-the-wall talk of the German press and radio, they may say: "What's the good of our going on? There is nothing for us at the end of all this. We are not going to fight on to save these Nazi leaders from the execution squads which they obviously fear so much for themselves, but not for us."

Up to the moment of Mussolini's disappearance it could be said that the Germans still had every faith in Hitler. Their doubts about the other Nazi leaders were definitely mounting, but Hitler had not lost much of his influence over the minds of the German people as a result of the Russian reverses. This may still be true, but for a different reason. So childlike can be the German that he is ready to follow any one if he feels that he will carry all the responsibility. Therefore they may still cling to Hitler in the fond belief that he is the one man who can, and will, find a way out for them.

Desperate

MUSSOLINI's defection has given Hitler a more immediate jolt militarily. Hitler finds himself stretched to the utmost in a Europe which is rising against him and his kind. At this time of strain on his military strength he cannot rely on the Italian soldiers. He has had to divert

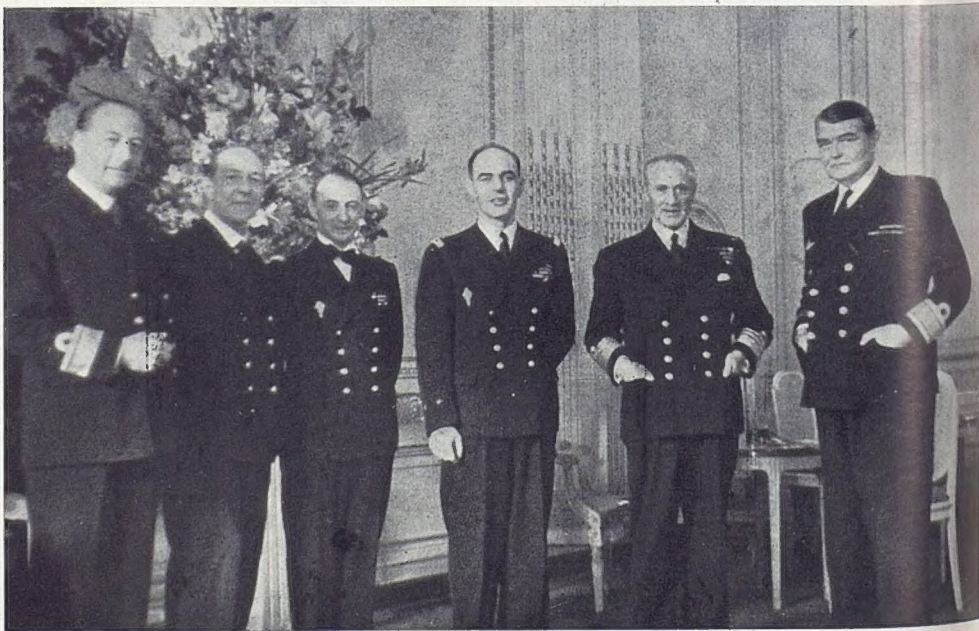


Chief of Canada's Naval Staff

Vice-Admiral P. W. Neller, C.B., R.C.N., from Ontario, received his present appointment in 1934. He was the first Canadian-trained officer to command a cruiser in the Royal Navy and to attain the ranks of Rear- and Vice-Admiral

declined on the grounds that Russia is hard pressed, and that his presence in Moscow is necessary. In recent weeks Marshal Stalin has been away from Moscow, and those who know admit that his absence has slowed down even the lumbering machine of bureaucracy belonging to Russia. Marshal Stalin has been at the front, and is said to have been directing personally the offensive against the Germans. This has, so far, proved so successful that Marshal Stalin has communicated his confidence to all around him, and even to the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt.

It is a great effort that the Russians are making, and a costly one. Whatever Russia's victories, they are hard come by, just as was their resistance in the early days of Hitler's invasion of Russia. Almost illimitable as are Russia's resources in men and raw materials, there is no doubt that there is a point at which she can be exhausted. The Germans are obviously hoping, and even relying, on this. But Russia's allies do not believe that it can come in time to help Germany, because they mean that it shall not.



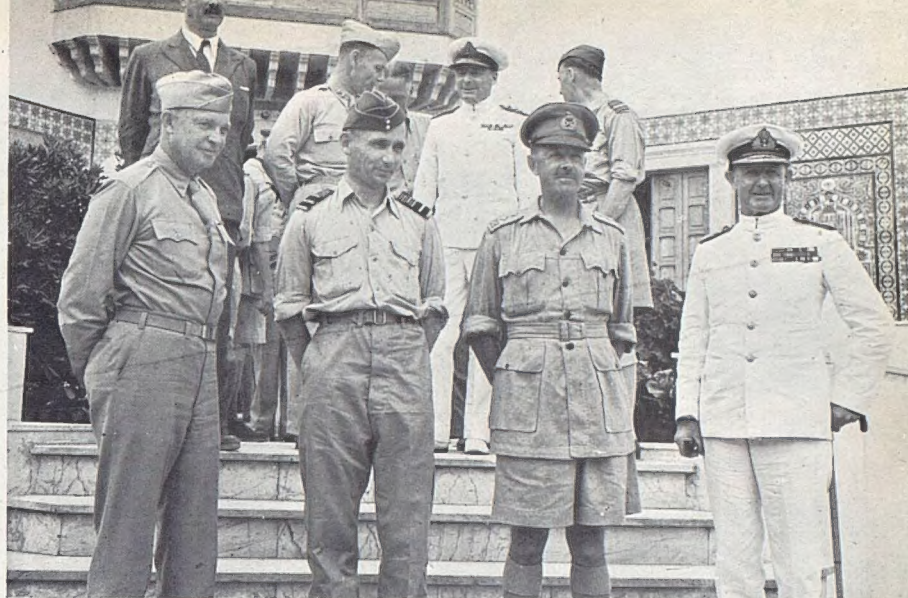
French Admiral's Farewell Party

Before leaving to take up his new appointment as Assistant Chief of Naval Staff, French Naval Forces, Rear-Admiral Auboyneau, former C-in-C. Fighting French Navy, entertained his many friends in London. Photographed at the party were: Rear-Admiral Daniel, Vice-Admiral King, Rear-Admiral d'Argenlieu, Rear-Admiral Auboyneau, Vice-Admiral Sir W. H. Whitworth, and Admiral Riiser Larsen



Combined Operations Chief in Gibraltar

Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten (centre), Chief of Combined Operations, spent five hours in Gibraltar on his return journey from Sicily. With him here are Captain Lang, and Lieut.-General Mason Macfarlane, Governor and C.-in-C. Gibraltar



A Meeting of Allied Chiefs in Tunisia

All the Services were represented at a recent meeting at Allied H.Q. in Tunisia. At the conference were: (in front) General Eisenhower, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, General Sir Harold Alexander, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, and (behind), Mr. Harold MacMillan, Brigadier-General W. B. Smith, Commodore Dick, and Air Vice-Marshal H. E. P. Wigglesworth

some of his military strength to Italy to hold off the Allies. He has had to send reinforcements to Greece, because the Italians there cannot be relied on. In the Balkans, not only are the Italians doubtful but the Bulgarians are beginning to clamour for peace, and the Turks are becoming defiant in their neutrality. The Russians are compelling the Germans to retreat, and British and American bombers are continually over Germany. Much of this would have happened even had Mussolini remained in power, for the Allies had laid their plans for the assault on the fortress of Europe at the Casablanca Conference. But coming at this time, with another ghastly winter ahead for Germans fighting in Russia and Germans hiding in their shelters at home, Mussolini's retirement is a serious blow to Hitler.

Speech

OBVIOUSLY Mr. Churchill's meeting with President Roosevelt was dictated by Musso-

lini's fall. Although the Prime Minister and the President had plans as far back as January to unseat Mussolini by a series of well-aimed blows, they did not expect such a welcome event as quickly as it happened. Equally, Hitler did not expect it, and he has had more of a shock than surprise. For Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt there are lessons to be learned, and one of them may be that long-distance planning is wise as long as it is flexible. At every point the Allies must now be ready to switch their blows and to seize opportunities and exploit them as quickly as they occur. For instance, if it had been possible to have launched a quick attack—even on a small scale—on the morrow of Mussolini's downfall at some point on the Italian mainland the situation which has developed in Italy might have been averted.

In putting forward this argument I do not forget that modern war, though based on mobility, calls for a lot of planning. Tanks can move fast once they have been landed, but they provide a problem for the best brains when they have to be shipped from a distance. An air force can be swift and terrifying and deadly once it is in the skies, but no air force is the slightest use without adequate ground equipment, and this occupies a lot of space and time in organising. These are facts which Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt must face when they consider how and where and in what way they can speed the day of victory.

Dynamic

THE appointment of Viscount Swinton as a Companion of Honour is a high reward which is well merited. Lord Swinton is using his administrative abilities to great advantage in West Africa, where he is Minister Resident representing the War Cabinet. His task has been to organise the production and use of the raw materials available there, and generally to organise the co-operation of the Allies. Many airfields have sprung up in West Africa, which has become a kind of junction for air travel to all parts of the world, and it has been Lord Swinton's responsibility to see them planned, constructed and working smoothly at top speed. But it is among the natives that Lord Swinton has done such good work. He has made them war conscious, and also aware of their individual responsibilities for ensuring victory, and their prosperity and welfare after victory.

It is of more than passing interest that this task should have fallen on Lord Swinton, which brings him into direct contact with colonial problems and administration. He was Secre-

tary of State for the Colonies from 1931 to 1935, before becoming Secretary of State for Air, and, therefore, he went to West Africa to get first-hand acquaintance with problems he had handled on his desk in Whitehall. This rarely happens to a man, but Viscount Swinton's is a remarkable career. At the age of 33 he became a Junior Minister in the Lloyd George Coalition, after he had been a member of the House of Commons for barely a year. In four years from that time he was a Cabinet Minister.

It says much for Viscount Swinton's sense of duty that at 57, after such long service in high office, he was ready to accept his present post away from home in such an arduous climate. After two years in West Africa, Lord Swinton is back in London for consultations with the War Cabinet full of his old vigour and enthusiasm. At the war's end it is suggested that Lord Swinton might be offered the Governor-Generalship of Canada to crown his career.



Commanding the R.C.A.F. Overseas
Bertram Park
Air Marshal Harold Edwards, C.B., was an original member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, and played an important part in the creation and operation of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. He became A.O.C. in C. the R.C.A.F. Overseas, 1941



Visiting the R.A.F.

Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, paid a recent visit to a R.A.F. Fighter Command Station. In the picture are: G/Capt. Lousada, Air Marshal J. H. d'Albiac, C.B., D.S.O., Sir Archibald Sinclair, and W/Cdr. R. F. Moore

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Tosh and Bosh

By James Agate

I LOOK around my acquaintance and marvel why A. endures B. I hate B. How could C. fall in love with D.? D. is a fright, a bore and a vixen. Why was the C sharp minor Rachmaninoff Prelude a howling success when the others are so much better? Why do most playgoers prefer *The Merchant of Venice* to *King Lear*? And then I decide that A. endures B. because he likes him. That C. married D. because he realised he had to marry somebody and found her less of a fright, etc., than the other women in his circle. That people like the Prelude because it's the only one by R. that they've heard. As for the *Merchant*, I just give up.

"Dixie" (Plaza) is another of those musical celebrity-biographies à la *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. This one tells of the rise to fame of one Dan Emmett, whose musical career culminated in the composition and *succès fou* of the well-known minstrel ditty which the programme tells us "became the rallying song of the Confederacy during the Civil War." I quite believe it. And the song is not yet dead. Is it a good tune? Yes. A whole lot better than that theme of Paganini on which Rachmaninoff hung those interminable variations. For one thing it voices the American genius, and probably helped Whitman to write his *Drum-Taps*.

MR. EMMETT (Bing Crosby) seems to have been rather a prodigy to write, play and sing his songs as he does, without having seemingly had any musical training. Indeed, he is presented to us first as a "clerk," and I refuse to believe that even in 1860 a New York publisher would offer a composer one dollar for a song, although

it is credible that he would give him two to take himself and his song off. There is mercifully little or no story, such as there is concerns the rivalry of a good girl (Marjorie Reynolds) and a flighty girl (Dorothy Lamour). Emmett falls in love with Miss Flighty, marries Miss Good, falls in love with Flighty again and returns repentant to Good after that rapturous première of "Dixie" at which the entire audience dances, rising in the manner of baseball fans and making similar noises. The action takes place mainly in New Orleans in, according to Synopsis, "its most colourful days." I don't believe this. I don't believe that that city ever approached such Techni-colorfulness as that I saw on Tuesday. Be assured that if my eyes closed from time to time it was partly as a protective measure! Is this film clean? Yes. Is it amusing? It depends on what amuses you. Will it run? For months. Until Christmas, or thereabouts, young women will wet their pillows over Bing and young men dream of Lamour.

LAST week, we gave in this column a list of the stock cinema plots, and decided that they were twelve. Where we went wrong was to omit to mention the possible combinations and permutations of these plots. Now the number of ways in which twelve lead pencils can be combined, taken in any order and from one to twelve at a time, would call for a row of figures which the paper shortage does not permit me to print. Sufficient to say that *Hers To Hold* (New Gallery) is a combination of stock plots Nos. 1, 5, 9, 10 and 12. The Girl with the Voice is the Solace of a Wealthy American Home. She meets the Flying Man who is torn

between her Beauty and his Duty. Ultimately the film allows him to make the Best of Both Worlds, and sends the airman Off to the War with the young woman simultaneously shedding tears and screaming encouragement at the Top of the famous Voice.

AND of course a lot has happened in the meantime. The young man has pretended to be a doctor, and to those film-goers who have never heard of Molière this will doubtless seem a very witty invention. And the Girl with the Voice has done more than pierce ear-drums: we have seen her, decoratively dungaree'd, punch holes in tin plates. And plenty more. In the intervals of singing.

THESE films have to depend upon incident, since the dialogue is unheard. Consider some of the exchanges:

"If I asked you whether you liked dancing, what would you say?"

"I'd say I liked dancing."

"What about dancing with me right now?"

"Sure."

Or:

"Maybe we could slip away some place and talk."

"Maybe we could just slip away."

"Maybe."

Or:

"Say, this is sort of like saying good-bye, ain't it?"

"Sort of."

I admit that in that home of laconism, the Middle West, the above may very well pass for eloquence.

READERS of the TATLER advertisement pages must long ago have realised the devilish cunning with which the artist draws attention to the particular thing he is advertising. If it's a hat, then all you see is a hat; if gloves, then gloves; if linen shorts, then linen shorts; if shoes, then shoes. I have decided that it is the same kind of ingenuity which makes for the prominence of film stars. Even without the Voice you would know Deanna Durbin among a thousand factory workers. Not that she necessarily acts better than they do—actually in this film Deanna looks less like a factory hand than her 999 colleagues. Is she a little less dirty? Does she scamper about the factory more than anyone else? Yes, but there's more to it than this. If you watch carefully you will see that the photographer always separates Deanna from the rest, puts round her an inch or two of space that the others haven't got. Does she act well or badly? In my opinion, neither. She wears a lot of frocks and yodels throughout like blazes—the "Seguidilla" from *Carmen*, "Begin the Beguine," "Pale Hands I Loved" and a most embarrassing thing called "Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There." What a collection! Like eating oysters, treacle pudding, ham and eggs and tripe off the same plate and all together. I liked Joseph Cotten as the airman, and there was the usual competent performance by Charles Winninger.

WILL this film run? Yes. And because it flatters the women. Deanna imploring her father to prevent her boy from going to the war, the old gentleman pats her on the arm and says: "My dear, you're your mother all over again. She wanted to keep me back from the last war. And there she was at the station, bless her, cheering me on as all women have always cheered their men on." And Deanna, wiping her eyes, makes up her mind to see Joe off in the same spirit. And realising that she will go one better than Mum, since she can vocalise, and Mum never could. Whereat several lady critics in my neighbourhood held to their streaming eyes the bandannas they were presently to wrap round their heads. Gosh!



Bing Crosby at the Plaza



Deanna Durbin at the New Gallery



With the law on his trail, gambler Joe (Cary Grant), his customary good fortune holding true, is rescued by a beautiful young debutante, Dorothy Bryant (Laraine Day)

Cary Grant and Laraine Day Co-Star in "Mr. Lucky"

A Wise-cracking Comedy at the London Pavilion with
a Not Over-emphasised War in the Background and a
Man on whom Fortune Never Frowns



Joe runs a gambling concession at a ball organised by Dorothy in aid of War Relief Inc. He and his partner make substantial profits while the committee are horrified to learn that the War Relief Funds are to benefit by only a few dollars. Gladys Cooper is in the centre, with Cary Grant right



To avoid call-up, Joe gambles with his partner Zepp (Paul Stewart) for the medical rejection card and identification papers of a dead Greek—a member of his ship's crew



Joe assumes the name of the man he is impersonating to avoid call-up. He receives a letter from the man's relatives and, in having it translated, learns of the Nazi outrages



To save Dorothy from his partner's gun, Joe, who has turned over a new leaf, is forced to knock her out and is himself shot in the process



Joe is successfully operated on. Dorothy learns his real identity. Joe sails for Europe with medical supplies for Greece. The vessel is torpedoed. Joe is saved. His honour is restored. Dorothy is waiting. Curtain

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Mr. Bolfry (Westminster)

Is there anything more truly entertaining in the theatre than good talk? Mr. Shaw has often persuaded us there is not, and Mr. James Bridie refreshes that opinion. His plays have not always been unreservedly enjoyed, but they have always been distinguished by first-rate dialogue. *Mr. Bolfry*, his latest comedy, is full of it. The talk is excellent, and he has it out without prejudice to the play's action. He is a Scotsman as well as a wit (the terms are not invariably synonymous); and as a dramatist he has ideas, what is sometimes called pawky humour, ready invention, robust common sense, and a flair for characterisation. Moreover, he can write. Previous disappointment had occasionally led one to feel that all he needed to co-ordinate these telling gifts was that infinite capacity for taking pains which the sententious confuse with genius. For he has



Morag, the maid (Jenny Laird), frightened by the supernatural goings-on, seeks comfort in the arms of Cockney Cohen (Harry Ross)

seemed at times to tire of a theme before its dramatic possibilities were fully exploited. As with Barrie, brilliant first acts that failed to redeem their promise have been both his forte and a foible. Such reproaches are unlikely to be levelled at *Mr. Bolfry*, which is as deftly contrived as progressively interesting and amusing.

THE scene is the comfortably austere parlour of a Free Kirk manse in the West Highlands. The seven nicely assorted characters include the minister, his sensible little wife, a head-strong young niece from London, a demure Gaelic maid, two billeted English gunners, and the eponymous Mr. Bolfry: six mortals in search of truth, and one very dubious immortal.

The talk which fortifies the action is opened by the soldiers in somewhat desultory fashion, and turns on the rigours of the Scottish sabbath, as that exhausting day of rest is locally observed and, by the minister, enforced. The niece, also exasperated, joins in; and the minister, having surprised the trio wallowing in afternoon tea—a blatant breach of Sunday conven-

tion—first reproves, and then proceeds, like Milton, to justify the ways of God to man.

His rigidly dogmatic exposition leaves the young people baffled but unsubdued; and when the curtain has been lowered to mark the passage of some hours, the young unregenerates again forgoth to conduct an amateur experiment in demonology according to the instructions laid down in a book on witchcraft they discover in the parlour bookcase. This experiment is a startling success: a spirit is summoned from the vasty deep.

ALTHOUGH mere topography to the Ordnance Survey, it seems that the remoter highlands of Scotland still maintain diplomatic relations with the Powers of Darkness, and that the peaks and glens are haunted by demons, devils and other supposedly extinct infernal fauna. When the wind is high and the fireside companionable, anything may come down the chimney, from soot to Satan. Hence, perhaps, the popular tag: "Weel may the lum reek!"

But while Mr. Bolfry arrives at midnight in a storm, and in response to this unorthodox invitation, he does not use the chimney, but enters the parlour like (or almost like) a man. And although not Satan himself, he is the next best (or worst) thing; a Spirit of Darkness. He can cite scripture to his purpose, gossip with equal friendliness about Luther or Beelzebub, is not a teetotaler, is clad in Calvinistic canonicals, and carries a black bewitched umbrella. Having made himself at home, he proves to be the doughtiest dialectician the minister, who descends from bed in dressing-gown and what-nots, has ever failed, even in soliloquial fancy, to floor.

This second act richly fulfils the promise of the first. The talk bristles with cross questions and crooked answers, and may not finally resolve all the metaphysical problems raised; but its interest and humour are admirably maintained. For here, at any rate, Mr. Bridie



The minister's wife is played by Sophie Stewart. Her niece is Sheila Brownrigg

is more playwright than theologian, and his purpose is drama rather than divinity. Yet the argument, laced with transcendental melodrama, is divertingly provocative, and has a surprising denouement to which Mr. Bolfry's umbrella adds a charmingly piquant touch.

THIS stimulating comedy is delightfully acted. Mr. Alastair Sim, having affinities in appearance and predicament with Malvolio, is the Wee Free minister to the very marrow, and Miss Sophie Stewart is his irresistible foil and cosy helpmeet. Mr. Raymond Lovell is benignly infernal and eloquently unscrupulous as Mr. Bolfry, and Mr. Harry Ross's beautifully vital Cockney is as authentic as the Old Kent Road. The symposium, to which all the company contribute happy and relevant diversion, is first-rate Bridie throughout, and should be seen, and heard, to be thoroughly enjoyed.

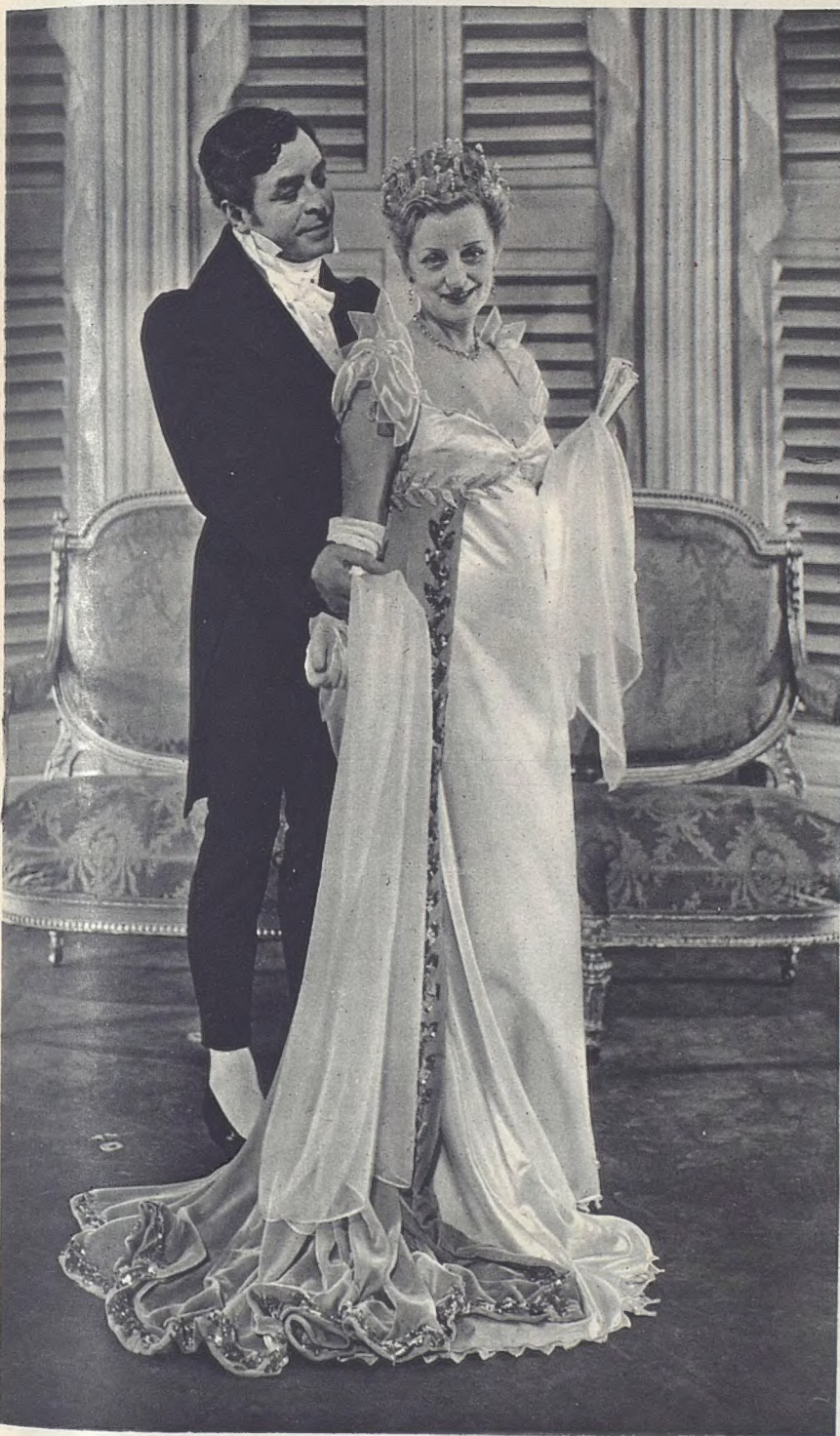


Mr. Bolfry, his horns and tail by now apparent, is driven from the manse by the righteously enraged minister. (Raymond Lovell, Alastair Sim, Ellis Irving and Harry Ross)

Sketches by
Tom Tilt

"Sunny River"

Evelyn Laye Returns to London in
a Musical Romance of New Orleans



An old romance is revived when Jean Gervais, successful barrister, re-meets his old sweetheart Marie, now a famous opera singer (Dennis Noble, Evelyn Laye)

A musical romance of life in New Orleans in the early 1800's, which was originally produced in America about the time of Pearl Harbour, is having its first London performance at the Piccadilly Theatre to-night. *Sunny River* is described as the first new romantic drama with music to be produced on the London stage since the beginning of the war. It is presented by Emile Littler. Decor is by Doris Zinkeisen, and Evelyn Laye, Dennis Noble, Edith Day (making her first appearance on the London stage after an absence of ten years) and Bertram Wallis are the stars



New Orleans in the early part of the last century was a gay place. Young men about town found an outlet for their riotous youth in smart cafés (Don Avory, Marion Wilson)



At a Mardi Gras festival, Cecilie, Jean's wife, learns of the infidelity of her husband and collapses (Evelyn Laye, Dennis Noble, Ena Burrill, Bernard Ansell)



Jean is killed in the Siege of New Orleans. His death brings together Cecilie, his wife, and Marie, his mistress. With Marie's benefactress, Lolita, they toast the Past and Future (Ena Burrill, Edith Day, Evelyn Laye)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

End of the "Season"

THE empty flagstaff above Buckingham Palace recalls nostalgically the end of the season in happier days when the customary hauling down of the Royal Standard in the first days of August heralded the approach of long days on the grouse moors or lazy sunning on the beaches of the Riviera.

The Royal Family are taking only a very short holiday. For the King absence from London is by no means complete freedom from responsibility. Every day there are urgent matters of State which must have his personal attention, and only a few days before he left town he fulfilled a more than usually important engagement, details of which remain, up to the time of going to press, still on the "secret list." Possibly we shall be able to disclose more next week!

Meantime the Queen and the two Princesses

work, and consulted many authorities, to obtain the necessary data. Former British Ministers to Latin America, Latin American Diplomats in London, and North Americans who are enthusiastic good neighbours, have all contributed, and there is a distinguished Selection Committee, consisting of Marie, Lady Willingdon (President), Lady Ravensdale, Lady Donegall, Lady Kenmare, Lady Effie Millington-Drake, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Clare Hartnell, Mr. James Laver, and Mr. Norman Hartnell.

The dresses are delicious, rich, riotously colourful, encrusted in heavy thread, crystal, sequin, every sort of embroidery; the figurines are exquisite little creatures, with exotic heads from sculptures by clever Helen Lee Barclay, painted by Norman Hartnell. In future, Mexico and Panama will not be the only ones with national costumes: the other eighteen republics will be able to compete with them at fiestas and on gala days.

Reception

COL. DENEYS REITZ, High Commissioner for South Africa, was guest of honour at this month's reception to Allied Officers given by the Overseas League Welcome Committee. As Col. Reitz had been unwell, he was not strong enough to meet many of the large number of people at the reception, but Mrs. Reitz helped Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas to receive. Col. Reitz has written several books, including *Commando*, which is the story of his fight against Britain in the South African War. In the 1914-18 War he commanded a British regiment in France, and has now succeeded Mr. Waterson as High Commissioner over here. There were many South African guests at the reception, also General Lord Bridgeman, who commands the Home Guard, Admiral Pegram, the Fourth Sea Lord, General Smart, the Australian member of the War Cabinet, Lord Snell, General



Swabe

Wedding Guests

At a recent wedding reception in London were Lady Veronica Maddick and Lady Worthington-Evans. Lady Veronica is Lord Dufferin and Ava's only sister, and was previously married to Mr. Anthony Hornby

Hunton, who is Adjutant-General of the Royal Marines, Admiral Sir William James, Lord Strabolgi, and Sir Thomas and Lady Moore.

Pictures

SIX delicious little pictures by Mr. Felix Kelly, a young artist member of the Royal Air Force, stood out among recent exhibits at the Lefevre Galleries. They combine brushwork as fine, and finish as exquisite, as the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Flemish masters, with the most modern imaginative dream quality. Eerie winds whistle through them, pulling at gaunt, wintry trees: figures or objects of implicit strangeness hurry or are still in landscapes of a most limpidly-lit and windswept clarity.

The Lefevre is now showing some pleasant, extremely gaudy oils by an artist called

(Continued on page 202)



London Christening

Dermot John Russell Ruherford Briant was christened at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Above he is seen with his parents, Mr. Keith Briant, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Keith Briant

have been at Glamis staying with the eighty-eight-year-old Earl of Strathmore, her Majesty's father. The Queen never likes to miss her annual visit to her old home. Her father's great age and none too robust health prevent him nowadays from taking the active part in the affairs of his estates which he always used to do. Nevertheless, he is still deeply interested in all that goes on, and although he can no longer visit tenants and friends in person, he likes to have an account of their activities every day.

National Figurines

SOLDIERS, sailors and airmen are to benefit from the exhibition of twenty figurines representing the twenty South American republics, which is to be held at 26, Bruton Street, in October in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Fund. Mr. Norman Hartnell has designed the twenty beautiful miniature dresses, which are being executed in his workrooms. Mexico and Panama are the only two of the republics to possess traditional national costumes, from which Mr. Hartnell has taken his models: the other eighteen are his original creations, interpreting the history and characteristics of the widely different republics. Mr. Richard Fletcher has done much research



The Princesses Grow Vegetables at Windsor Castle

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have been very busy picking the dwarf beans on their allotments on the East Terrace at Windsor Castle. Sweet corn, seen in the background, is another of their products, which also include potatoes, onions, carrots, beetroot and lettuces. In pre-war days the East Terrace, with its magnificent show of flowers, was often thrown open to the public



Himley Hall, Warwickshire

At Home in Warwickshire

Lady Dudley and Her Daughter

Before her marriage to the Earl of Dudley last February, the Countess of Dudley was working as a part-time V.A.D., but now she is fully occupied running her husband's Warwickshire estate, Himley Hall. She is the second daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, and a sister of Lady O'Neill and Mrs. Roderick Thesiger. She was previously married to Viscount Long, and her daughter, the Hon. Sara Long, is now nine years old. Lord Dudley, whose home is chiefly given over to wartime purposes, is Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence for the Midlands. His first wife, by whom he has two sons, died in 1930



Lady Dudley and Some of the Goats Bred at Himley Hall



Sara Long Looks After the Rabbits



A Horse, a Pony and a Dog Complete the Family

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Jo Jones. A dusky, slant-eyed French sailor, wearing his attractive hat with the red pom-pom, slightly recalls Gauguin; excessively stripy vegetable marrows loll in profusion against a puce background; all is brilliant colour and lavish paint.

Personality Parade

THE most heartening war news yet and the deflation of the Duce have added an extra fillip of gaiety to the West End, which has been very crowded lately. At the Ritz Lady Weymouth, looking delightfully cool on a very hot day in a flowered dress and wearing a large black straw hat, was talking to Lady Brownlow, and was later joined by Lady Sykes and the Hon. John Fox-Strangways. Others there were Mr. Auberon Herbert, who is serving with the Polish Army, and Lady Kimberley returning with her very attractive companion, Joey, a Staffordshire bull terrier, from what must have been a boiling stroll—the Censor now permits us to mention that London has had a heat wave; it was 84 in the shade (if you could find any) in Regent Street one day. In the bar Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam were having a cocktail with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Leader, who were taking a short time off from training horses at Newmarket, and later dined with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Beary and Mr. Hewitt, an American breeder and owner of racehorses, whose horse, Some Chance, has lately beaten the crack, Whirlaway, winner of over £140,000 in stakes. (This figure should give those responsible for the present all-time low in British racing stakes something to think about!) Other diners that evening were Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten—Lady Mountbatten is starting a new stud farm of the picturesque Suffolk Punches; Frances Day, looking like a naughty angel, in a white dress with bare shoulders; decorative Mrs. Diana Smyley dining à deux; Lord and Lady Durham, the latter very ethereal-looking in black chiffon, in a party; and Lady Patricia Ward, one of the best-informed people in London and a first-class journalist.



Anglo-American Wedding

Major Charles Roussek, U.S. Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Roussek, of New Jersey, and Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Stuart, of Shiplake-on-Thames, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Around London

THE end of the school term has brought many people to London to meet their offspring, and everywhere people who seem only yesterday to have been at school themselves, are going around with a foal at foot, so to speak. Lady Jean Rankin, wearing W.V.S. uniform, had her young son, home from his prep. school, with her at the International Sportsman's Club. Mrs. Robert Hoare was with her two little stepdaughters in Berkeley Street, and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmett was walking with her two sons and, tall as she is, was dwarfed by the elder. She and her sister-in-law, Lady

Portman, are combining forces and taking their families to Cornwall.

In the evenings record crowds fill all the restaurants. It is impossible to get a table without booking early in the day. Places without music are as popular as those with. For dancing Jack Jackson draws unprecedented crowds to the May Fair. There the other evening were W/Cdr. Gibson, the V.C. dam buster, with his very pretty wife (he had been to the Palace earlier in the day and is now in Canada with Mr. Winston Churchill and the British Chiefs of Staff); nearby sat Jean Kent, the young actress who has her first big screen part in *Fanny By Gaslight*, based on Michael Sadleir's best-seller of the same name, which is being made in this country under the direction of Anthony Asquith. She is playing Lucy, the Gaiety Theatre girl, in company with such well-known stars as Margaretta Scott, James Mason, Phyllis Calvert, and Stewart Granger. A big future is predicted for Jean. She is just twenty-one; she first went on the stage at the age of five, and has graduated—to use her own words—from the magician's stooge who is cut in half by a saw. Staying at the hotel have been the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Grimthorpe, Lord Dufferin and Ava and G/Capt. and Mrs. Clow-Wilson. Other visitors have included Gen. Atapur, the Iranian Military Attaché, and Sir Bernard Spilsbury. Sir Bernard, who is extremely interested in Persia and Britain, has a firm friend in Gen. Atapur whose knowledge of the problems existing between our two countries is unrivalled. Medicine will play a great part in the post-war development of Iran.

Training for Girls

WONDERFUL opportunities for girls who wish to equip themselves for work in one of the women's services later on are being given by the Girls Training Corps. Since May this year the girls themselves have been running a Holiday Training Camp at Mayhill, where cadets and officers meet and do their training in lovely surroundings which include a swimming-pool, a tennis court and shower baths laid on. Cooking is done on camp fires. Harvesting, fruit-picking and forestry are all in the day's work, and local farmers have benefited accordingly. Organising secretary, quartermaster and cook for this very enterprising venture is Lady de Clifford, who tells

(Concluded on page 216)



A July Wedding in Kent: Capt. Leslie Melville and Miss Hambro

Capt. Michael Ian Leslie Melville, Lovat Scouts, and Miss Cynthia Hambro were married on July 31st at Linton Church, Linton, Kent. The bride was given away by her father, Sir Charles Hambro, K.B.E., M.C.



Sir Charles and Lady Hambro, of the Manor House, Brill, Bucks., father and stepmother of the bride, and the bridegroom's parents, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Leslie Melville, were photographed after the wedding. Bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Leslie Melville and Miss Sally Hambro, sisters of the bride and groom.

Irish Family

At Lord and Lady Carew's Home in Kildare



The Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew has a ride on her grandfather, Lord Lauderdale's, back. She is Lord and Lady Carew's only daughter



Castletown, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, the home of Lord and Lady Carew, is the largest private house in Eire, and possesses a window for every day of the year



Lady Carew, formerly Lady Sylvia Maitland, married Lord Carew in 1937. Her elder son is the Hon. Patrick Thomas Conolly-Carew



Diana, Gerald and Patrick Conolly-Carew take their grandparents and mother for a walk in the grounds at Castletown

Captain the Earl of Lauderdale and the Countess of Lauderdale were paying a visit to their only daughter, Lady Carew, at her home, Castletown, in Co. Kildare, when these photographs were taken. Lord and Lady Carew have two sons and a daughter, seen on this page with their grandparents and their mother. The Lauderdale's home is Thirlestane Castle, in Co. Berwick; their only son, Viscount Maitland, was killed in action in January

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF neutral observers really want to discover how Berliners are feeling about the R.A.F.'s bombing engagements—none too good, it seems—they should surely question the enormous flower-"girls" of the Leipzigerstrasse, who are supposed to be the authentic voice of Berlin, if they're still at the old pitch.

Unlike London's flower-"girls," equally stout but matey and amenable, these Berlin sweethearts have a traditional reputation for loud backchat of a violent and abusive kind. A favourite trick played by Berliners on newcomers to their ghastly capital is, or was, to get them to approach one of these beldames and lightly criticise her roses. The ensuing blast could generally be heard all over the Mark of Brandenburg. This shows that living constantly with Flora's gifts doesn't invariably produce that arch, yearning charm we used to look for in the prose of the Nichols-Winn school. But as everybody knows, chaps who actually grow roses for a living are practically death; glum, surly, suspicious *primaires* with hideous minds, who think nothing of naming an exquisite new bloom "Mrs. Martha Grabshaw" or "Rev. Abijah Growle."

The only kind of Berliner we feel vaguely sorry for, in a way, is that strange Slav survival the Wends, who for centuries have lived in the Spreewald, wearing a picturesque costumes at holidays and living on bicycles and skates, also on stewed eels and cherry-pie. The Wends are a race apart and probably don't know Charles the Fifth is dead.

Apollo

UNLIKE Lewis Waller, his Edwardian predecessor as Prince Charming of the British Stage, who made [your Grandmamma's heart go bumpety-bump, the late Owen Nares had too much intelligence, modesty, and humorous commonsense to exploit feminine idolatry, which he perpetually fled.

Waller (as Grandmamma, if pressed sufficiently, will tell you, laying aside her dainty embroidery at length to take a sock at her tormentor with some old-world trinket, such as a bootjack) was a perfect devil at ravaging virginal hearts, forever stamping and swaggering heroically about in cloak and sword, reciting romantic



MAURICE McLAUGHLIN

"Part of it was a defence area"

poohbah and flashing those big wonderful eyes. Some of his girlish adorers actually formed a K.O.W. (Keen-On-Waller) League. This cultus was not good for their homely fiancés, who at that period wore toppers and bowler hats, intensely high collars, and a vacuous expression, and often parted their hair in the middle. That habit your Grandfather has of savagely grinding his teeth and smashing mirrors is due to Lewis Waller. Our own first youthful doubts about Sir Francis Drake derive from the same source. If Drake was anything like that, we argued after a well-remembered evening of Wallerism, he was something of a tout; nay, a pest. Looking up a few original sources later we discovered the essential untruth of the official Whig folk-lore about Drake and his buddies, and we therefore owe Prince Charming and the Romantic Drama a lifelong debt.

Afterthought

NOBODY who ever met Owen Nares could fail to like him immensely. He stoically accepted his good looks as a professional asset, but always found them a burden, being an actor of brains and sensitive talent.

Compare the stinking conceit of certain leading booksy boys, who deliberately foist on their dumbo public photographs of themselves taken some 25 years ago, when their homely pans at least had the pathetic, grubby appeal of youth, God help us.

Façade

URING, quite properly, that Brighton's Regency squares and other relics of past glory must be carefully preserved in the New Utopia, a chap giving tongue recently said nothing, as usual, about preserving Brighton's Victorian slums, behind that gaudy façade, where the race-gangs live.

(Concluded on page 206)



"We'll have a little run to test the steering and brakes, and then if you're still interested we'll turn on the petrol"



F/Lt. G. R. Crakanthorp, D.F.C.

F/Lt. G. R. Crakanthorp, D.F.C.
"Crackers" was recently promoted, and now commands his flight. His coolness and courage have enabled him to perform some very daring feats in the air.



S/Ldr. E. A. Fairhurst, D.F.C.

S/Ldr. E. A. Fairhurst, D.F.C.
S/Ldr. Fairhurst commands his squadron. He is an excellent pilot, and is extremely popular with his fellow officers and men.

Four R.A.F. Pilots: Portraits by Olive Snell



W/Cdr. Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton, O.B.E.

He is a squadron commander. His elder brothers, the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Nigel Douglas Hamilton, are in the Auxiliary Air Force, and the youngest, Lord David Douglas Hamilton, is in the R.A.F.V.R.



Air Cdre. J. N. Boothman, A.F.C.

When a Flight Lieutenant, in 1931, he won the Schneider Trophy, with a speed of 340 m.p.h., setting up a new record for 100 kilometres. By this third successive win, Great Britain retained the Trophy.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

This area, which recently inspired that fine novel of Graham Greene's, *Brighton Rock*, illustrates admirably what Slogger Wells once said about the Island Race, namely, that it can make anything disturbing or uncomfortable disappear and cease to exist by firmly closing the eyes.

If you tactlessly mentioned slums to the late Harry Preston, enthroned at the Royal Albion and dispensing that traditional Sunday morning hospitality, he would actually close his eyes in silence, hurt, snap his fingers for another magnum of Pommery, and change the subject. There are no slums in Brighton and maybe no race-gangs; or if there are, they don't fight with razors, but liqueur chocolates.

Royal Leamington Spa's attitude towards that grim area at the back of it is another example of decent or M.C.C. myopia. Unfortunately you can't get into Brighton from London, by road or rail, without noticing a certain unattractiveness.

They should get some scenic artist to camouflage the back areas in the way Potemkin had those famous lath-and-canvas villages put up along the Volga, or somewhere, to spare Catherine the Great a shock.

Formula

MORE paper might be saved, somebody has suggested, by cutting some of the traditional *floriture* or flaffa out of documents connected with the administration of justice, high and petty.

We noted a typical example a little time ago, when a citizen was charged in a police-court with administering iodine to another citizen "with intent to injure, aggrieve, and annoy him." This quaint formula charmed us intensely and seemed an obvious extract from a traveller's phrase-book still to be written. E.g.:

"Pray do not mind my Aunt looking aggrieved (*chagrinée*)! People keep giving the poor old haybag (*rombière*) iodine!"

"My goodness! That must be pretty annoying (*ennuyeux*)!"

"Indeed it is; just look at her injured (*choquée*) expression!"

"But even so, there is no need to parade one's grievances (*exposer ses griefs*) with such total lack of modesty (*pudeur*)!"

In a later exercise a less aggrieved note might be struck:

"Hello, Auntie! Still mopping up (*bidonner*) the iodine (*teinture d'iode*)?"

"Yes; a girl must have her fling (*jeter ses gourmes*)!"

"You look to me a trifle shwipsy (*paf*), if I may say so."

"Oblige me by beating it (*ficher le camp*) before I sock you one on the snoot (*pif*)!"

And so forth.

Arrival

IT'S probably not surprising that the only considerable new British poet thrown up so far by the war should belong to the Royal Air Force. What is surprising and delightful is the gulf between Flight-Lieut. John Pudney and the Audens and Isherwoods and other pre-war chouchous of the intelligentsia; the scolding peevish little ego boys, rootless and drifting and flabby as jellyfish.

The verse of Flight-Lieut. Pudney is tonic, like bark-and-steel, and realist, like the Admiralty Channel Pilot series, and his technique is spare and stripped and muscled like an Olympic wrestler. It takes a strong mental constitution to withstand the influences of Fleet Street and the B.B.C., where certified cases with hot flushed cheeks stare at Life's phantasmagoria through glittering dilated eyes all day long, twitching freely, seeing everything twisted, coloured, and fifty times lifesize, like marihuana-addicts, and emitting yells. Meeting Pudney at intervals in these swamps before the war, we observed him to be cool, smiling and unperturbed, like the visiting fireman in a loony-bin. Little did we imagine what poetry that plump, urbane figure was secreting.

Footnote

LESS sickeningly beautiful than Rupert Brooke (whose reactions to war are like those of the head-girl at St. Eggfrida's in comparison), John Pudney has obviously



"I should hate anyone to tread on him"

more vitality and staying-power. The trackless swamps of Fleet Street and Portland Place either kill you or return you to civilisation, dried-up, slightly yellow, subject to periodical shivering-fits, but tough as steel wire. You should hear us telling jungle stories to the children of an evening over our quinine.

Hat

ADDICTS of the bowler hat, incidentally, are trying to defend their bestial head-gear against our recent prediction that the one Mussolini wore when fighting the cops in the 1900's would ultimately bring about his downfall.

If this fatal hat had been preserved, three things would be noticeable about it: (1) "*Facchiabuoni, Torino*," or some such inscription in gilt on the headband, showing the makers were not trying to evade their legal responsibility; (2) another inscription meaning "The Dreadnought Model," or "The Little Lord Fauntleroy" or "The Bon Ton," showing they actually gloried in it; and (3) a system of three grated or trellised ventilation-holes in the dome. Most British bowlers have this fitment, which is said to have inspired Blake's well-known if somewhat muzzy lines:

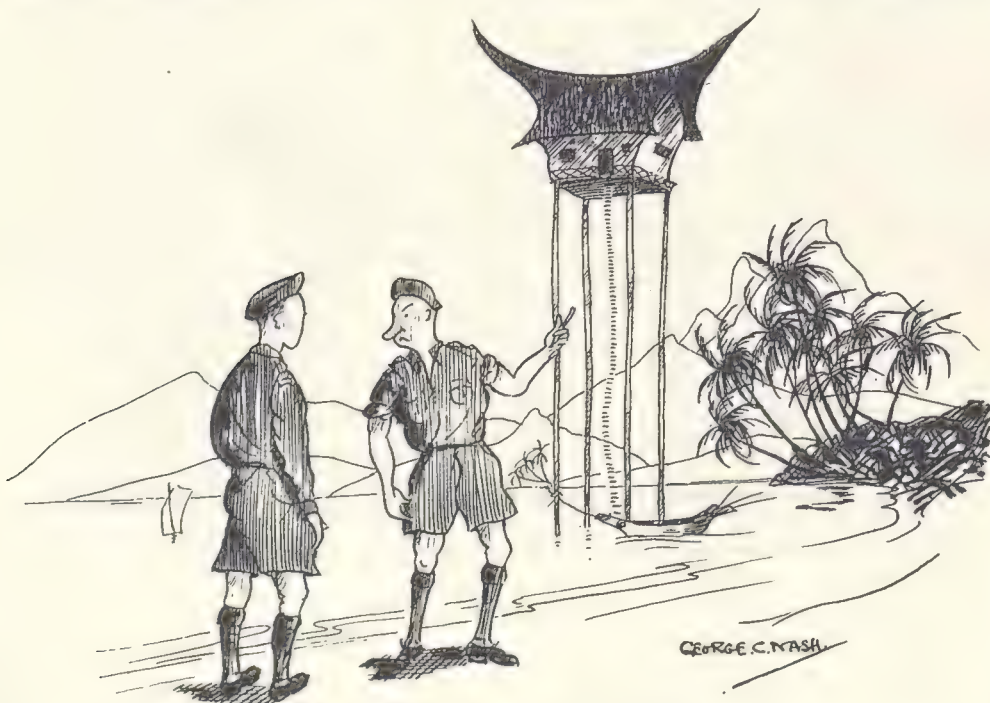
A robin-redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage,
But bowlers crowning British dials
A rouse angelic harps and viols;
The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave Old England's winding-sheet,
But ventilation in the dome
Will never let the Fancy roam.

Rather obscure, like most of Blake's whimsy, but the general trend is clear enough—Blake liked well-ventilated bowler hats and thought they suited the Island Pan, which Heaven knows is often so true that you can scarcely tell one from the other.

Exception

AS with Mussolini, nobody ever seems to tell the bowler boys what touts they look. This does not of course apply to James ("Boss") Agate, whose famous, or infamous, bowler is worn above those Late Imperial features as a penance, and is expected one day to burst into flower, like Lohengrin's pilgrim-staff. Orchids are the hottest bet, or whacking great tiger-lilies.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Perhaps his wife's afraid of mice"



Sir John Slessor : A.O.C.-in-C., Coastal Command

Last November, Air Marshal Sir John Cotesworth Slessor, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., succeeded Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferte as Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Coastal Command. Educated at Haileybury, he served in the R.F.C. from 1915 to 1918. Two years later he became a Flight Lieutenant in the R.A.F., served for two years in India, and later at the R.A.F. Staff College, and as a member of the Air Staff at the Air Ministry, and Instructor at the Staff College, Camberley. After a further two years in India he returned to the Air Ministry as Director of Plans from 1937 to 1941, when he became Air Vice-Marshal. He was promoted Air Marshal at the time of his present appointment. As Chief of Coastal Command, Air Marshal Slessor, who was knighted in this year's Birthday Honours, is the man chiefly responsible for the breaking of the U-boat menace. He was at one time A.D.C. to the King



"Everyman will I beset that liveth beastly,
Out of God's laws and dreadeth not folly"
The ballet opens with a scene of revelry. On the right Everyman (Leslie French)
is delighting in the Temptress (Nina Tarakanova). Suddenly Death (Harold
Turner) appears and summons Everyman to accompany him on his last journey

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"Everyman"

A Centuries-Old Morality Play is Presented
as a Ballet by the International Company

Photographs by Edward Mandinian Studios



"In wealth and woe we will with you hold
For over his kin a man may be bold"
In desperation, Everyman seeks companions to go with him into the Unknown.
Even his Kinsmen, their words fairer than their actions, forsake
him. (Maureen Sims, Leslie French, Mark Baring, Anne Negus)



Everyman: "My Good Deeds, where be you?"
Good Deeds: "Fear not, I will speak for thee"
Only his Good Deeds (Mona Inglesby) remain at his side
calls forth Discretion, Beauty, Strength, Five Wits and
fesses his sins, and gaining courage, is empowered to face



"thou comest when I had thee least in mind . . ."
"me till I be provided of memory"
in terror, recognises Death. He is unready to leave this world and
of accompanying the heavenly messenger into the unknown to give
his life on earth. (Harold Turner, Nina Tarakanova, Leslie French)



"And now out of sight I will me hie
See thou make thee ready shortly"
Everyman implores Death to give him time to make himself
ready for the journey. Death accedes to his request

● Ballet has sought inspiration in many spheres, but never before in the morality plays. The origin of *Everyman* is lost in antiquity, but it is known that the first version in play form appeared in 1495. In the Middle Ages it was frequently performed in the courtyards of cathedrals and in churches. The ballet, which relates the sufferings of Everyman when summoned by Death to give account of his life in this world before the High Father of Heaven, is produced by Leslie French (who also plays the title-role) and the International Ballet Company. Choreography is by Mona Inglesby (who also takes the important role of Good Deeds), décor by Rex Whistler and costumes by William Chappell. It is set to the music of Richard Strauss, arranged from the original scores by Ernest Irving



Everyman: "I go before where I would;
God be our guide"

Accompanied by Strength, Beauty and Discretion (Raymond Farrell, Henry Danton, Glen Gordon) Everyman advances on his last journey, his eyes steadfastly on the cross. Knowledge (Anthony Wallis) awaits him on the stairs. Good Deeds (Mona Inglesby), attended by the Five Wits (Joan Harris, Claudie Leonard, Domini Callaghan, Muriel Harding and Anne Byatt), kneels before him

With her help he
knowledge. He con-
without terror

Family Portraits



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer and Their Daughter

Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., and Lady Meyer were married in 1941, and their daughter, Carolyn Clare Barbadee, was born last March. Lady Meyer was Barbadee Knight, and is the only child of Mr. Charles Knight, J.P. She returned from studying in Florence and Paris at the outbreak of war, and was doing full-time duty as a St. John's nurse in a military hospital until her marriage.



Anthony

Mrs. Robert Jenkinson and Her Daughter

The wife of Captain Robert C. H. Jenkinson was formerly Miss Gwyneth Mathews and was married in 1938. Her daughter, Frances Caroline, was born last year. As a talented young soloist, Mrs. Jenkinson was dancing with the Sadler's Wells Ballet until the time of her marriage. Her husband is a well-known gardening expert, and an authority on flowering shrubs. He has a son and two daughters by a previous marriage.



Sivache

The Hon. Mrs. J. Denison-Pender and Family

The wife and three children of the Hon. Jocelyn Denison-Pender were photographed at 23, Chesham Street, their London home. Since the war they also have a country house in Sussex. Mrs. Denison-Pender was Camilla Pemberton, daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Pemberton, and married Lord Pender's elder son in 1930. Her sons are John, aged ten years, and Robin, who is seven and a half. Her daughter Ann is twelve.



Sivache

Mrs. Anthony Stocker and Her Children

Mrs. Stocker, seen here with her son and eighteen-month-old daughter, is the wife of Major Anthony Stocker, who is in the 13/18th Hussars. She was Miss Peta Davis, and is the only daughter of Mr. Cyril Davis, the well-known yachtsman. Her son Michael is five years old, and her daughter is named after her, Peta-Carolyn.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Another "Gone for Six"!

NEXT time it will be the "box-fight," and the "Berlin Bruiser" will be over the ropes, and, if the world has any sense, it will never let him climb back into the ring! Hats off again to the lads of the Eighth Army and the man who commands them. In the meanwhile, how stupid of all the Chalk Jockeys to believe that all this "boot-flogging" is deceiving anyone. It is such a very old trick. Hitler, Rommel, Rundstedt, Manstein, Mussolini, Badoglio and the wretched little Tertium Quid must really think of something better.

Free Huns Quite "Different"!

IT is the fondest of delusions to imagine that all this blood-guiltiness is confined to the German Government and the General Staff. The whole people is stained with it:

German Atrocities: An Official Investigation by Professor J. H. Morgan, M.A., late Home Office Commissioner with the British Expeditionary Force (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., 1916).

"The question of the culpability of the German people, civilians and soldiers in the ranks, as distinct from the German Government, is one of supreme importance, and I would like to draw the reader's attention to the mass of unpublished evidence (from which some selections are given in Part VI. of the Documentary Chapter of this book) placed at my disposal by the Russian Embassy. In addition . . . I refer the reader to No. 7 in particular. . . ." (*Ibid.*)

The details of the bestialities practised upon prisoners of war, which are therein set out, are too revolting for reproduction. This official record is amply documented, and I suggest may prove that the German of 1914-18 was identical with the German of 1939 onwards. The leopard cannot change his spots. I suggest that anyone who thinks that he can stand it should read this report, if he thinks that his nerves are strong enough.

"The conception (1916-17-18) of the educated classes of Germany as to the future of Europe we have on record: it is to be a tributary Europe; vast Satrapies of subject populations more rightless than the mediaeval vassal, their language proscribed, their liberties disfranchised,

their commerce prohibited, their lands expropriated, hewers of wood and drawers of water for the conqueror. The ill-disguised slavery under which Belgium and the occupied French departments groan to-day are to be perpetuated. The small nations of Europe are to exchange the protection of Europe for the Suzerainty of Germany, and to live under the German shield." (*Ibid.*)

Ref. also Press Bureau Belgium Communiqué, August 5th, 1916, and French Official Communiqués August 1st and October 12th, 1916; also report of the speech of the Imperial German Chancellor in the Reichstag reported in *The Times*, August 21st, 1916.

The Back End

THE Leger and Champion Stakes, both on September 18th at Newmarket; the Middle Park on October 6th, the Jockey Club Cup (2½ miles) on October 19th and the Dewhurst (7 furlongs, and therefore a sterner test for two-year-olds than the Middle Park) on October 20th, and then down comes the curtain on this particular kind of frivolity, and, as I was pretty certain, there is a very thin chance of any jump racing. This was the more improbable after what the Prime Minister said about the "fall of the leaf." We are, in fact, very lucky not to have had the flat racing season more truncated than is actually the case, and even now I regard the completion of the list as just the spin of a coin. If there were any chance of a repetition of the unpatriotic disregard of the Government's request not to travel which we witnessed over the August Bank Holiday week-end, the Powers As Be would be more than amply justified in putting the blue pencil through everything. It was just sheer luck that the stations which the Bank Holiday crowds rendered practically useless were not required for handling hospital trains. The crowding was all the more blameworthy because there had been repeated warning that every available line was needed for something else. There are many important things toward at this moment than going to see whether Ribbon can win the Leger, whether Nasrullah will

(Concluded on page 212)



Allied Forces Athletics

The Duke of Gloucester distributed the awards at the Allied Forces athletic meeting at the White City, held in aid of the Red Cross. Above, Cpl. S. C. Wooderson, winner of the mile, receives his certificate



England and Dominions Cricketers

F/O. K. Carmody (Dominions) and S/Ldr. R. W. N. Robins (England) captained the opposing teams when the England XI. beat the Dominions in a two-day match at Lord's



An International and County R.A.F. XI. Beat Epsom Cricket Club

The R.A.F. XI., seen above, with 300 for 3 wickets, declared against Epsom Cricket Club. Sitting: L. G. Berry (Leicestershire), F/O. R. Gregory (Surrey), W/Cdr. Dailley, F/O. R. E. S. Wyatt (Warwickshire and England; captain), K. James (New Zealand), C. Washbrook (Lancashire). Standing: Sgt. Preston, G. Cox (Sussex), J. F. Parker (Surrey), A. V. Bedser (Surrey), L. Todd (Kent), E. Robinson (Yorkshire)



The match, in which Epsom Cricket Club were beaten by an R.A.F. team, was played on Epsom ground, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Playing for Epsom Cricket Club were (sitting) A. S. Miller, J. G. W. Harrold, W. F. Waters (captain), L. S. Bryce, L. D. Heaton (Secretary), R. G. Foxwell, G. E. Lambert; (standing) L. T. Roe, D. G. W. Fletcher, B. J. Hurdle, B. O. Wildbore, A. E. Cover, S. R. Oxley, G. E. Elmslie, P. L. Tinworth

D. R. Stuart

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

condescend to have a crack at the Champion, or whether there is any steed in England, bar Ujiji, who can get the distance of the Jockey Club Cup. Incidentally, there is no more extraordinary horse in training than Mr. Allnatt's colt. He lays them all out cold and stiff in the 2½-miles Gold Cup; then almost immediately afterwards he canters away with a one-mile race at Ascot, carrying 9 st. 5 lb. If they run him in a five-furlong scamper, he is quite capable, I should think, of running away with it! I cannot see his being beaten in the Jockey Club Cup. His sire is Umiddad. That word, freely translated, means "a trier." How well named he is! The autumn leaves will soon begin to come down in earnest.

Betting Market Vagaries

As a matter of fact, so far as concerns the only race upon which there is any real ante-post betting—the Leger—things have been pretty steady. In the middle of July (19th), Straight Deal and Persian Gulf were quoted level at 6 to 1, Ribbon 13 to 2; a little later (26th) Ribbon and Persian Gulf were quoted level at 13 to 2, Straight Deal and Umiddad 7 to 1; later again (July 30th) Ribbon was a clear favourite at 11 to 2, Persian Gulf, Umiddad and Straight Deal level at 7 to 1 (15 to 2 taken Umiddad, 100 to 12 taken Straight Deal), and



D. R. Stuart

Officers at a Naval Base in England

The four officers seen in this photograph are Surg.-Capt. Irvine, R.N.V.R., Capt. Fletcher, R.N., Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Hornell, K.B.E., D.S.O., and Capt. Simner, R.D., R.N.R.

on August 2nd Ribbon was still at the head of the list, so there is really very little to it. We never know definitely what is the exact weight in doubloons behind quotations, but we do know that Ribbon has been backed with real money, and as she must have won the Oaks on her head but for interference I think the speculator is a wise man. It is said that Persian Gulf has also some real money behind his price: he made all the running in the Derby when he hardly knew what a racecourse was like, and he is trained by a real master of the craft; I cannot see the astute owner of the Derby winner letting any "Sevens" get by. I am sure that Straight Deal will stay the 1½ miles, but I still believe that there is one that will get there before him—this gallant little pony, Ribbon. Straight Deal is only 15-2½; Ribbon is hardly 15 hands; I do not know her exact height. It is certainly right to believe that Umiddad will be well in the hunt; he must be on the book, for he has been the same colt as Straight Deal ever since last year's Dewhurst. "The Heads" appear to think that Nasrullah will be sent for the Champion Stakes 1½ miles, which might suit him better, provided that there is not much fighting to be done.



Officers of a C.R.E. Works Garrison in Scotland

The officers of this unit are well known in the Corps of Royal Engineers and to many R.A.F. stations. The picture was drawn by a Pioneer who has worked in Scottish islands, and the unit which was in France has been engaged on a project here. In front: Capt. E. D. Rutter, R.E. Middle row: Capt. W. T. Rose, R.E., Capt. N. R. Assiter, R.E., the C.O., Major C. J. Macdonald, R.E. Back row: Capt. C. W. Sabey, R.E., Major G. H. Ryland, R.E., Capt. P. S. Cherry, R.E., Lt. (Q.M.) J. W. Waller, R.E.

The 1943 Classics

THE two following most pleasant letters have been sent to me:

July 2nd, 1943.

From

C. W. SELBY, 628400,
(R.A.F.) 26 AIR SCHOOL,
Pietersberg,

NORTH TRANS., S. AFRICA. (By Airgraph.)

DEAR SIR,

Your remarks in THE TATLER dated Jan. 27/43 were "right on the mark" re Ribbon & Straight Deal for the Derby and Oaks, and you must have been very pleased with the way those races were run, except of course that Ribbon was so very, very unlucky.

Your comments keep me in touch with the latest form of the T.Y.O. and the Three Y.O.s.

Your criticisms of the Middle Park Stakes and Dewhurst Stakes of '42 were wonderful, and without your comments I should have no information at all. So keep up the good work.

Yours, C. W. SELBY.

CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB,

30th JULY, 1943.

DEAR "SABRETACHE,"

Maybe we have met at Northolt Park pre-war? Maybe not. Anyway, I write mainly to thank you for your articles, which I enjoy so much, however and wherever I read them. In these days of scant reading matter they are a luxury.

Naturally, I was glad Carey won his first Derby this year. I knew him as a good jockey in '32 and '33 when he used to get odd rides, and I got him his first ride at Northolt Park when he had the same ability—1934—but not the confidence that he has to-day. I have not seen it in print that it was pony racing that gave Carey his chance. Prior to that he did not get any real chances. One word more. Year after year one sees animals who ran as Straight Deal did in the Two Thousand Guineas put down as non-stayers, whereas, in truth, it is not seen that they are staying, but can't quicken. Some difference!

Again, my thanks to you.

Very truly,
LEONARD JAYNE.



Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in Scotland

D. R. Stuart

Front row: F/Lt. E. R. Whitehorn, F/Lt. N. E. Fawcett, S/Ldr. M. S. Turpin, Rev. J. W. Mayer, S/Ldr. J. S. Saxby, G/Capt. O. D. Smallwood, C.B.E., T.D., D.L. (Commanding Officer), F/Lt. S. G. Mackley, S/Ldr. G. H. Duthie, F/Lt. J. Livingston, F/Lt. F. Hood, F/Lt. F. D. C. Taylor. Middle row: F/Lt. M. N. Farthing, A/S/O. C. M. Michie, A/S/O. J. D. Woodiwiss, A/S/O. J. S. Spear, S/O. D. Beckett, F/Lt. G. L. Simon. Back row: P/O. G. L. Allix, F/Lt. A. D. Miller, F/O. A. Reed, F/Lt. H. W. Henshall, P/O. D. P. Bliss, F/O. Humphrey, F/O. H. J. Anstey, F/Lt. G. McL. Armitage, F/Lt. L. G. Irving



Speed Bonny Boat . . .

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Overcome with admiration at the stupendous feat of conveying thousands of men, guns, tanks and supplies to Sicily in over three thousand ships of all descriptions, and mindful of many lesser islands which may require invading in the near future, our artist offers this hopeful suggestion for economising in shipping. Buckets, life-belts, water-skis and surf-riding planes of happier days all play their part, with only small motor-launches to tow them to the beaches

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Little World

THE SIGNPOST," by E. Arnot Robertson (Cape; 8s. 6d.), is a novel with an unusual, and really brilliantly worked-out theme. A pair of lovers from the outside world arrive and pitch their camp for a few days in remote Kildooey—a village on the Donegal coast. The time is September 1940. Kildooey, though in the charmed peace of neutral Eire, is at the height of a little war of its own: a signpost, bearing the words "To Dublin," has been erected, and its relentless finger, pointing out of the village, stirs up thoughts of a magnetic, dangerous "somewhere else." By this, the young feel disturbed and the old assailed. In fact, the ideas aroused by the signpost make the first breach in Kildooey's psychological walls.

The arrival of the two strangers, out of that "somewhere else," is, for Kildooey, dramatically timed. And on Tom and Denyse the lovely, garrulous village has an equally positive effect. He and she are as new to each other as they are to Kildooey: they have met for the first time in a blitz, on the Liverpool-Belfast boat. Both bear on their nerves and feelings, as he bears on his body, the scars of that summer of racking war. He is a British airman, convalescent; she a Frenchwoman, who has witnessed in the last few months the chaotic fall of her country, and (for her, still worse) the emergence of her husband as a "collaborationist." To England, where she was educated, Denyse had first brought her shocked heart and anguished, distracted mind; she had tried to forget herself in the East End of London—until the discovery that she was an alien deprived her of that and all other work. In despair, she had taken ship for the Six Counties, hoping to play some part in the war there. Tom, for his part, had been only making for Belfast en route for Eire: his leave is not long; he is anxious to make the most of it, and to slip over the Border will cut out permit delays. Having bought an old car with removable seats, he makes off, at first alone, for Kildooey. But with his nerves at the pitch at which war has left them, he finds he cannot endure the place by himself: returning to the Six Counties, he traces Denyse and persuades her to share his Donegal holiday.

"Persuades" is hardly the word, for this strange, and at first impersonal, love-affair is entered upon with a singular lack of fuss. Tom and Denyse are alike in, and are drawn to each other by, an almost terrible simplicity, born of the ordeals they have both lived through. They instinctively recognise that they need and can help each other. Their matter-of-factness, ease in each other's presence and enthusiastic entrance into the local life, make it natural for Kildooey to take for granted that "the Fairburns" are married—and have, even, been married for some

years. Only the parish priest perceives that matters are otherwise—and he, though profoundly shocked by the couple's manner of living, shows himself none the less their excellent friend.

They Talked and They Talked

FATHER KEITH is not the least sympathetic of the Kildooey portraits, to which are added the three Mrs. Sullivans, the delicious young Bridie, her fiancé the fanatical Sean, "about twenty-five, with an ardent face thin with dreams," and the restless, nostalgic Helen, recalled by the priest from America, where she had been so happy, to marry the local farmer to whom she is betrothed. And there is Mr. Wallace, the hated Gombeen-Man. Father Keith is proved right in fearing that Tom and Denyse will complete the work of the signpost by further unsettling the younger ones in his flock. Yet, ironically, this is the very last thing that the war-weary couple would wish to do. They delight in Kildooey just as it is. The village, with its traditional life, is a timeless oasis, to them, in a crumbling world. They would wish to stay and refresh themselves with Kildooey, to make it their image of saving peace.

Yet—as Miss Arnot Robertson makes clear—conflict, stress, seeds of warfare, are part of the human make-up. Kildooey plumes itself endlessly, sometimes irritatingly, on its own, and Eire's in general, immunity from the shocking ravage of war. Yet, under the surface of this handful of human lives run just such currents as, magnified, led up Europe to 1939.



Anonymous

Leslie Hurry, the painter, seen in front of a self-portrait, is now well known for his work for ballet. His decor for Robert Helpmann's "Hamlet" by the Sadler's Wells Ballet was one of his recent successes. He is doing the decor and dresses for "Lac des Cygnes," to be produced by the same company during their coming season.

Neutrality—The Signpost appears to argue—is impossible: even in a remote place that has forsworn war, men and women are not men and women for nothing. You may by-pass one burning issue—but then another crops up. What matters confronts humanity all the time. . . . Kildooey takes up, in its endless talks and arguments, the arms it has forsworn. The village may ignore Hitler—but what about

Mr. Wallace?

The whole of The Signpost shows that originality one expects from Miss Arnot Robertson's work. I know of few living novelists who are less conventional—in the most searching sense. She projects, but can also support and rationalise, what might, in other hands, seem preposterous situations. Her imagination has an atmosphere of its own, to which one must become acclimatised, page by page. At the beginning—to be perfectly frank—I felt a little doubtful about The Signpost; by half-way through it had established a grip on me; by the end, I felt for the novel an admiration I find it hard to express in reviewers' moderate terms.

Light On Our Day

NEW WRITING AND DAYLIGHT: SUMMER 1943," edited by John Lehmann (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.), again makes the most of its advantageous position—half-way between a magazine and a book. In the most excellent sense, it enjoys the best of both worlds. It is a periodical, in that it appears periodically and provides, if always from the viewpoint of art, a running comment on the world's momentous affairs. At the same time, not only its solid format, but the non-ephemeral quality of

(Concluded on page 216)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

EVEN minor wars are followed by upheavals. Major wars have their revolutions. And, unless your mind and memory be on the alert, you hardly notice either. Which is really very strange when you consider that in the old, old days the slightest deviation from the normal filled the neighbourhood with clatter and The Times with letters. Superficially, they appear so trivial, but, nevertheless, they signify earthquake.

Who, for example, could once have guessed that it would take a world war to bring lounge-suits into the more expensive seats in West End Theatres, and even, on occasion, to penetrate Covent Garden during the Grand Season without knocking one tiara sideways. To kill the top-hat and frock-coat as the general habiliment for Piccadilly—let us hope for ever and ever. To rob Belgravia of its gay window-boxes—which is a thousand pities. To make mention of our own personal poverty equivalent no longer to dropping a conversational brick. To bring really nice women into private bars. Blatantly to expose female legs, whatever their shape, might be. To make the Facts of Life a topic suitable for mixed tea-parties. To drive chaperons from their thrones and replace them by a cocktail cabinet. Or—though I suspect a psycho-pathological reason here—to force women to don trousers. To enforce limited working hours on both banks as well as public-houses. To add an hour's daylight to a summer's evening. To give women the

vote without more ado. To launch the biggest nitwit among them on a career of some sort—be it only that of a dancing-partner at sixpence a go. To turn quite small houses into two small flats and, strangely enough, make every public conveyance more of a human "jam" than it had ever been before. To bring beer down to the water level, and turn a prude into a museum piece and destroy the stricter conventionalities for ever more.

Well, the First World War did all that. I wonder what the Second World War will do. We shall probably live in a land of Beveridge Reports and go in fear of being reported whenever we skip the line. In the social and moral sense, the minor revolutions of the earlier world conflict may become accentuated. We shall therefore find a certain occupation in the twilight of our lives by seeing dogs at the end of almost every path along which the younger generation gaily tread—as if heading for Heaven. On the other hand, we may lose entirely our previous sense of inner dismay. Which will probably be all to the good. There will be no time left to fritter away and twitter as we fritter. Life will be deadly earnest, and many, perhaps, will find it just—deadly. But we shall learn, I suppose. Alas! education is not easy at any age, and most things which are good for us usually come in an unsavoury form. The trouble always is—they will insist on coming; while the things which are bad for us, but nice, always seem to be going! What a life! So very queer—isn't it?



Peto — Edelston

Trooper William Neill Peto, R.A.C., son of Cdr. Sir Francis Peto, Bt., R.N., and Lady Peto, of Cheddington Court, Dorset, married Jacqueline M. V. Edelston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Edelston, of Buckland, Crapstone, Devon, at Buckland Monachorum Church



MacDonald — Gordon-Dean

Lt. K. B. D. MacDonald, The Seaforth Highlanders, only son of Sir Kenneth and Lady MacDonald, of Edinburgh, married Helen Neva Gordon-Dean, younger daughter of Air-Cdre. and Mrs. Gordon-Dean, of Winslow, Bucks., at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Evans — Rogers

Lt. Eric Evans, The Black Watch, son of Brig.-Gen. L. P. Evans, V.C., of Lovesgrove, Aberystwyth, and the late Mrs. Evans, married Barbara Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Rogers, of Kingsdown, Merstham, at St. Katharine's, Merstham

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Poole, Dublin

O'Reilly — Farrell

Capt. Charles Valentine O'Reilly, 23rd Hussars, son of the late Capt. and Mrs. P. O'Reilly, of Colamber, Westmeath, married Antoinette Farrell, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Farrell, of St. Albans, Longford, Eire, at University Church, Dublin



Richardson — Richardson

Pay-Lt. John Denys Richardson, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Richardson, of Keldholme, Ravenscroft Avenue, Wembley, married Joan Mary Richardson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Richardson, of Ben Rhydding, Shinfield Road, Reading, at Christ Church, Reading



Dodson — Mapham

Francis Pownall Dodson, R.A.F.V.R., third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Dodson, of Didsbury, Manchester, married Margaret Mapham, only daughter of the late Neville Mapham, and Mrs. Mapham, of Langley Road, Slough, at St. Mary's Church, Langley



Lawrence — Vilroy

Lt. Peter Pemberton Lawrence, The Dorsetshire Regt., and Iris Vilroy were married recently. He is the only son of Cdr. and Mrs. L. C. Lawrence, of 32, Weymouth Bay Avenue, Weymouth, and the bride is the only daughter of Mrs. Drake, of Tankerton, Kent



Anstey — Trotter

Capt. Michael Anstey, The Royal Berkshire Regt., only son of Mrs. F. G. Anstey, of Cumnor Hill, Oxford, married Gillian Dorothy Trotter, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Trotter, of 2, Culford Gardens, S.W., at St. Simon Zelote's Church



Simonds — Gold

Major J. A. H. Simonds, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Simonds, of Arborfield, Berks., and Audrey Mary Gold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Quiller O. G. Gold, of St. Margaret's Lodge, Beaconsfield, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 202)

me that on one day she had sixty meals to prepare for a large party, which included Mr. R. Perkins, M.P. for Stroud (whose fascinating address is Rookwoods Farm, On-the-Holy-Brook, Oakridge), Lady Tubbs, chairman of the Gloucestershire Conservative Party, and officials from the London headquarters of the Corps. This month a number of girls are coming from Scotland, where the G.T.C. is ably run by Lady Stratheden; last month there were girls from Berkshire, sent by Lady Lawrence, Area Commandant of that part of the country. Practically every county throughout England is represented. Both Miss Thurburn, who is the Senior Commandant at the London Headquarters, and Mrs. Akers, who is an Area Commandant, were wearing their G.T.C. uniform when I met them with Lady de Clifford. It is a very dark navy blue, and one of the smartest uniforms for women in existence.



A Pineapple from Portugal

A pineapple which later raised £100 at an auction, was brought to England for presentation to the British Red Cross. Above, Marie Countess of Willingdon, seated by Sir Courtauld Thomson, receives the gift from Señor Branco Cabral, who brought it from Portugal. Looking on are Mr. Hollyer, Miss Walker, Mr. R. Haddon, Dr. Bustorff Silva and Mr. R. H. Harvey

Hard Worker

ONE of the most hard-working of all Americans living in this country must be Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, whose name is connected with practically every venture organised for the benefit of the Army, the Navy or the Air Force. Although so genuinely interested in anything she can do to help the girls and boys of the fighting services, the American Trailer Ambulance, founded in May 1940, under the deputy chairmanship of her late husband, Mr. S. Reynolds Albertini, by a few Americans living in this country and determined to see the war through, is the organisation nearest her heart. Since then, Mrs. Albertini has given sixteen ambulances and motor canteens to various parts of the country. Mrs. Albertini has just become a grandmother—her son, Bill, a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., has a daughter.

A CORRECTION.

In a recent issue Capt. Leslie Carr Gamage, M.C., Renter Warden of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers, was erroneously referred to as Capt. Leslie Carr. We regret the mistake, which occurred owing to incorrect information given by a photographer.



Women's Land Army Hostel Opening

The hostel, at Bemersyde, St. Boswells, home of Earl Haig, was opened by the Earl of Home. On the platform are: Miss Bremner, Mr. Doughty, Mrs. Sharpe, the Earl of Home, Major Sharpe, the Countess of Home, and Miss Trotter

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

its matter, makes it rank as a book—to possess and keep on one's shelves.

The contents of this summer's number are, as usual, various: all are up to the standard we have come to expect. Many good minds throw light on the contemporary scene—and the scene is not limited to our own land. There is, for instance, a Leningrad air-raid story, "The Apple-Tree," by Nikolai Tikhonov, and the long, ably-translated "Historical Picture," into which the Czech poet, Vítězslav Nezval has transmuted his country's martyrdom. Stanislaw Balinski, the Polish diplomat-poet, gives, in verse, a vignette of stricken Paris. France herself speaks in the two great Louis Aragon "defeat" poems (from *Le Creve-Cœur*), the English versions of which we owe to Louis MacNeice. Derek Hill writes on the Theatre in Peking; and a short story, "The Tower of Silence," comes from the Portuguese Manuel da Fonseca. One important section of *New Writing and Daylight* is entitled: "Voices from all the Fronts." To this, eight young writers in the Forces contribute, some poems, some brief, but vital, pieces of prose. Alun Lewis (of *Raiders' Dawn*) and A. Gwynne-Browne (of *F.S.P.*) are among the eight. . . . Elsewhere, Henry Green (whose last novel, *Caught*, I reviewed very recently) has a story, "The Lull," with same mise en scène (a London fire-station), though not the same characters, as his novel. Further on, to his memorable "Miner's Record," B. L. Coombes has added a third part.

Among the critical essays, Raymond Mortimer's "French Writers and the War" stands out. John Lehmann's "The Armoured Writer, III," also demands very close attention: it is a discussion of war books by British war correspondents.

One fact among many others [says Mr. Lehmann] which make this war different from any of its predecessors, is the enormous machinery that has been developed to record it. Not only are there cameramen, and film units with sound apparatus, B.B.C. recording vans and perambulating microphones wherever battle is engaged or bombs fall, but also a host of war correspondents with far greater privileges and opportunities than were ever accorded them before. The basic idea of all this activity is simple—it is to make of the war as fully shared an experience as possible for the whole community; to restore out of the complex scattered fragments of modern warfare that sense of oneness which was a source of such strength to a small city-state like Athens two thousand years ago.

Young Things

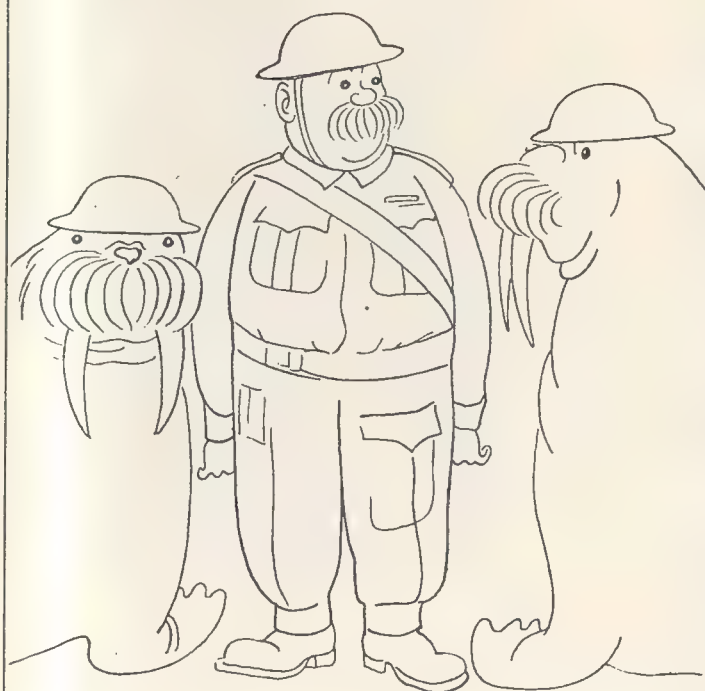
FOR both a laugh and a smile—explosive mirth and protracted, cosy enjoyment—may I recommend *Green Hands*, by Barbara Whitton (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.). This is a tale of young land-girls, and how they fared. The Land Army has so far, so far as I know, been silent (and after reading *Green Hands* you may well see why), but now it seems to have given birth to a classic. Apparent naïveté and inconsequence add charm to the telling—but nineteen-year-old "Auntie Bee" is no muddle-head.

In the first person, Barbara tells the tale. She and her girl-friend Anne, still fresh from comfortable homes and not qualified by more than a month's training, arrive, in raw Scottish darkness, at Spital Tongues Farm, into the dankish heart of the Thompson family. The Thompsons—with the exception of awful Walter—are decidedly pessimistic about the girls, and the girls, in the first twenty-four hours, grow decidedly pessimistic about the life. Moreover, they are, they find, to be joined in their work by Pauline, whom they remember as a detestable child at school. Plump Anne, whose 'only supports in this unkind world are her ukelele and her siren suit, is constantly on the verge of "a roaring pass-out," and does finally pack up and quit the farm. Large-eyed, puppy-like Pauline, who sticks it out, proves in the long run to be rather a darling thing—it is she who promotes Barbara to being her "Auntie Bee." Better days are in sight for the two girls with their transfer to Stoney Hall, a large English dairy farm. Here they are quartered with the nice Smiths and their twins.

Green Hands almost completes the two land-girls' first working year. Incidentally (as the publisher rightly says) one does find, after the reading of this enchanting book, that one "has painlessly imbibed quite a lot about farming." It is, above all, however, the exuberant comedy that [I] would praise. Endless contretemps and misadventures, extremes of heat and cold, social faux pas, innocent, well-earned triumphs, unfortunate evenings out—all are rendered with ideal lightness of touch. I have seldom read a less silly book about girls.

Language on the Move

EACH war has brought to the English language the (to some, rather doubtful) enrichment of new slang. A good deal of the last war's fine crop was found, in the inter-war years, to have taken permanent root: reluctantly, it yielded some of its place to spicy Americanisms brought home from the movies. Now, on from September 1939, our vocabulary has been on the move again. *Service Slang*, edited by J. L. Hunt and A. G. Pringle (Faber and Faber; 2s. 6d.), is, therefore, a most to-the-point and interesting little book. The editors' foreword is, engagingly, headed "Warning." Having been warned, I roved at will through the pages. Here you find a quota from each of the Services. And the W.A.A.F., I see (from p. 42), contributes at least one pleasing expression. *Service Slang* ought to find its place into every civilian pocket—for this it is of convenient size. It is also, I think, to be recommended as a key to Britain's fighting mentality.

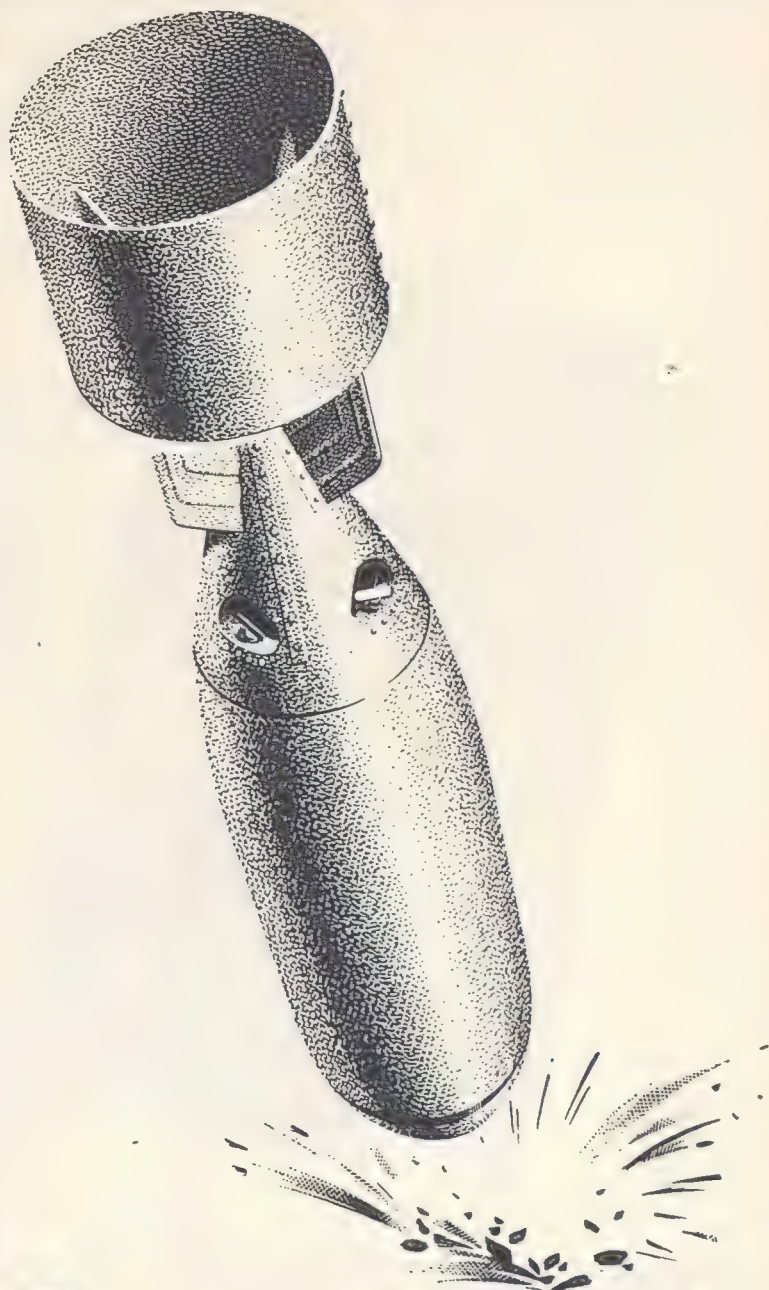


but
there's nothing
like a GUINNESS



except another Guinness

O.E. 1089 C



I am the Bomb..

I was once the North and South gates of a London Park. When these gates were closed, small boys would clamber over me to gain the freedom of the City. Now many of them, grown to manhood, are fighting to gain freedom for the World. Behind them, staunchly helping in the fight, is the Motor Industry of Great Britain, making every kind of weapon vital to our cause.

Production for Victory

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY OF GREAT BRITAIN

A Page for Women by M. E. Brooke.



Here is a suggestion from Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. It consists of a silken-patterned blouse, with shirt sleeves and turned-back collar. The skirt is carried out in a plain woolly fabric.



No one can cavil at the excellent cut and quality of the material of the Utility coat above. It is of the slip-on character, and comes from Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly Circus.



Well-cut tailored skirts are a necessity to-day. The one pictured on the left has gone into residence at Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road. It is available in many good colour schemes and is light and warm.



ECONOMIES IN WARTIME

Every woman likes to own a tailored coat and skirt designed and carried out by Simpsons of Piccadilly. This one is of striped suiting which wears remarkably well.



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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE two following jokes are from America:—
An actor riding home in his car with his wife, after a gay party, became abusive. First the actor was merely insulting, then he started to slap his wife, then he punched her. After a couple of punches, the wife yelled: "Help! Help!"
The actor leaned over and said: "Don't be frightened, dear. I'm with you."

A DRUNK staggered up to a man at a night-club bar, and said: "You remind me of my wife, sir. The resemblance is amazing. You'd be a double for her, if it weren't for the moustache."
"But I have no moustache," the other protested.
"I know," replied the drunk, "but my wife has."

A MAN entered an engineering shop and asked to see the manager. When he came face to face with the latter he said: "I'm looking for a job as a mechanic."
The manager looked at him hard for a moment, and then said:—
"But aren't you the man we fired last week?"
"That's right."
"Then," asked the manager, "why have you come here looking for a job?"
"Why not?" retorted the applicant, truculent, "I lost it here, didn't I?"

THE church was crowded for the bride was one of the most popular girls in the town. After the ceremony, friends rushed to kiss the bride. After about half an hour the breathless girl looked puzzled and, looking down at one little man, she said:—
"I don't know you. Why are you kissing me?"
The little man scratched his head.
"I dunno, lady. When I joined this queue outside I understood it was for razor blades!"



D. Levine

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EXTRACT from a patent medicine testimonial:—
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THOUSANDS of Italian prisoners in Britain are working on farms and getting paid for it. Recently the British officer in charge of one of the prison camps was startled when a spokesman for the Italians asked if they could purchase British National Savings Certificates.

"Of course," said the officer, "but do you realise that funds paid for certificates will be used to make bombs which may be dropped on Italy?"

"Oh, we know that," answered the prisoners' spokesman, "but at least our money will be safe."

Two Scotsmen were caught in a storm at sea. One of them was praying for safety and was just about to promise to forswear drink for ever, if he were spared, when the other cried out: "Dinna commit yourself, Sandy, I can see land!"

Two small boys—aged four and six—had been chastised and packed off to bed in a very sulky mood. Their mother, in the next room, could hear the voices of her offspring.

"Do you," asked the younger, "love our mother?"
There was a long silence, while mamma breathed heavily in suspense.

"Well," said the elder, very grudgingly "I like her cooking!"

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

The Waggle-Paddle

TEAM engines have not yet—so far as I know—been installed in the emergency dinghies which are fitted to aircraft of the Royal Air Force. They have almost everything else, including sails. But the fact is that although the professional life-saver (if there is such a person outside the films) looks with pleasure on every piece of fresh equipment that is loaded into the life-boat, the professional aircraft designer looks with the utmost disgust upon every piece of fresh equipment so loaded. He thinks that aircraft are already carrying much too much. He believes that if only the accessory maniacs, the equipment fanatics and the odds and ends enthusiasts could be restrained, he could make his aircraft a much better flying machine. Consequently it was with the utmost interest that I heard of a novel device for improving the life-saving value of collapsible dinghies while increasing the simplicity and lowering the weight of their equipment.

I took steps to find out about this device and eventually managed to persuade those concerned to give me a practical demonstration. In brief the invention is for a highly simplified propeller-cum-rudder-cum-keel. It is worked by hand and it drives a standard type of circular dinghy at more than three miles an hour with little effort and no skill. It is familiarly known as the Dixon "waggle-paddle."

Some Tests

As I have not seen any previous mention in the public press of the waggle-paddle I want to give a brief account of how it works. It is really a combination of single-scuttling and a fish-tail movement. The person working the gadget merely oscillates a handle which sticks up from the floor of the dinghy. Under the dinghy and in the water is a flexible fin, shaped like a rudder, which performs a complicated motion which resembles that of a fish's tail and gives a tremendous thrust in relation to the power expended.

I tried the gadget myself and found I could get along quite fast and steer accurately without any



Air Vice-Marshal T. M. Williams, O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C. A recent picture of the Air Officer Commanding the R.A.F. in Bengal

previous instruction. For aircraft life-saving the Dixon waggle-paddle has many advantages. It is compact, it is light in weight, it is extremely simple to use—it gives full directional control even over a circular dinghy and it provides the means for propelling the craft fast enough to counter winds and tides and even to travel for long distances. The paddle can be worked equally well when the dinghy is packed full of people as when it contains only one person and—an important point where partially exhausted crews are concerned—it can be worked by two or three people in combination at the same time.

The Future

ALTHOUGH the purpose of the invention is primarily life saving and improving the efficiency for this purpose of aircraft dinghies, Carley floats and other small craft, it is obvious that it might in happier days be a delightful adjunct to some of the seaside bathing equipment that used to be so popular. It is nice to float about in fine weather on a rubber raft; but it would be even nicer to be able, when required, to propel the craft towards any desired point without much effort or any skill and with a device which takes up almost no room and is simple to make. Moreover, it might save some of the heartaches and thousand natural shocks which seaside mothers are heir to when their offspring are carried out to sea on their rubber floats and are unable to get back to the land.

It is quite certain that when air crews are forced to

abandon their aircraft for their dinghies, they often require a good, easy means of manual propulsion to pick up one of their number who has fallen in the water and drifted away, or to get to supplies or first aid equipment dropped by sea-air rescue units.

Orlebar

THE most tragic death of Air Commodore A. H. Orlebar deprives the Royal Air Force of one of its finest officers. During the time Orlebar and I had charge of two flights at the same establishment, I got to know and appreciate his character. He was a great and conscientious worker and the fame that was his when he captained the Schneider Trophy teams 1929 and 1931 was in some measure a small tribute to his magnificent qualities as a man and a pilot.

I do not think it has ever been established who discovered the phenomenon of flutter in aircraft and devised a cure for it; but my own impression is that it was Orlebar and Mitchell. During one of the test flights with one of the racing seaplanes Orlebar got flutter on wings or tail plane. He was flying fast at the time, but managed to ease off and damp out the flutter and get down on to the water without injury. This was not long before one of the races. Mitchell (whose name is always rightly associated with the Spitfire) had a tremendous aerodynamical problem to solve and only a few hours in which to solve it. He had, moreover, to find a solution which could be applied quickly to the aircraft. He devised the mass balances which, ever since, have been used partly to prevent flutter.

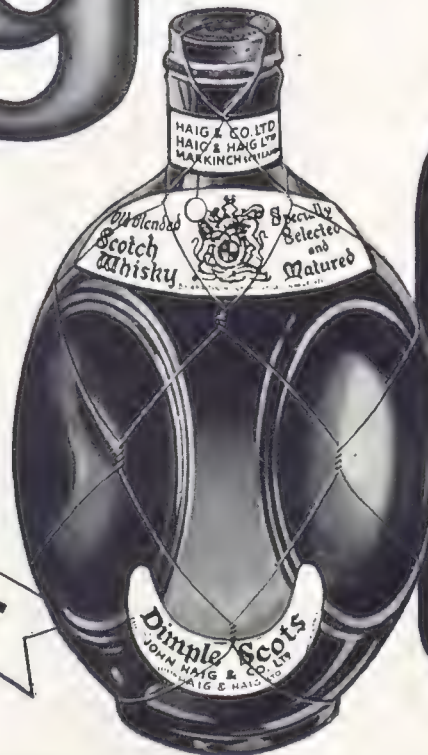
If my account of what happened is right (and I hope any reader who knows of prior successful work on the prevention of flutter will write to me) then the names of Orlebar and Mitchell should be given an even higher place than they now have in the lists of those who have been responsible for big advances.

Incidentally at Calshot with the Schneider Trophy teams Orlebar instituted a "Doomsday Book" on the lines I had initiated in a test flight some time before. He always acknowledged that he had adopted my idea and found it useful. It contained pilot's comments such as would not ordinarily appear in test reports, but might have an important indication for the designer.

Haig

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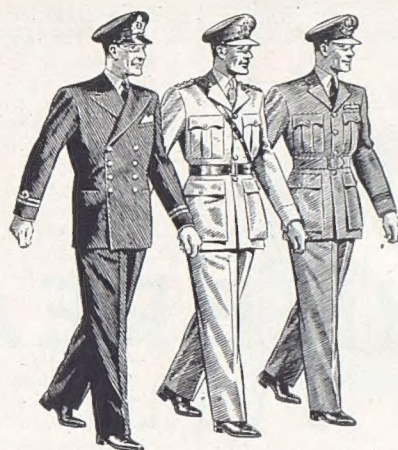
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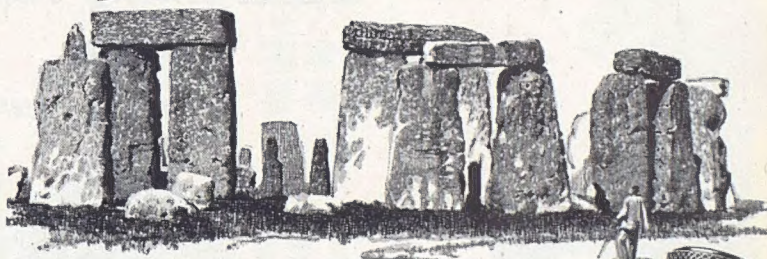
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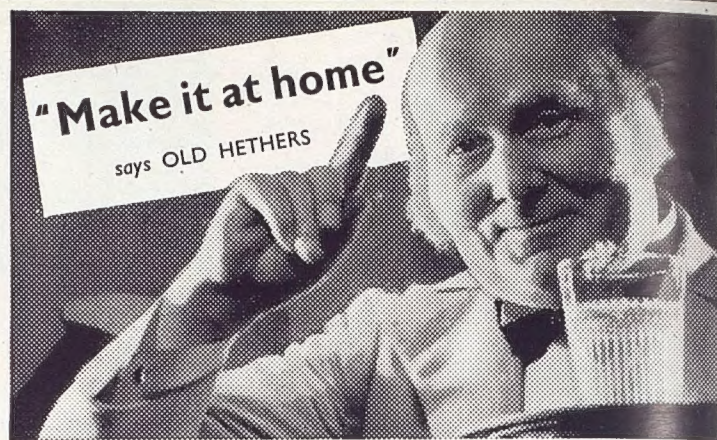
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